



A Collection of
**INSPIRATIONAL
VERSE**
for Latter-day Saints



**BRYAN B. GARDNER
CALVIN T. BROADHEAD**

This book was given to me²¹
as a Christmas present in the
mission field. It is one of
my favorite books. I read
it often.

Bronson Gardner
October 6, 1991

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OF
INSPIRATIONAL VERSE
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the road not taken

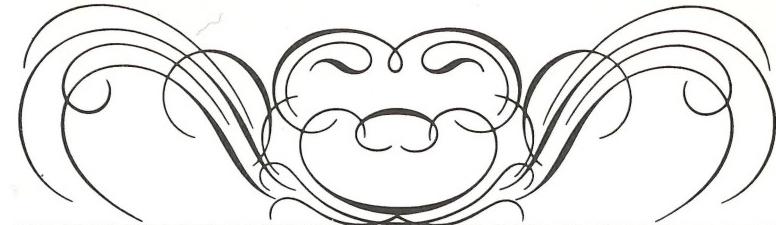
Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
and sorry I could not travel both
And be one^m traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

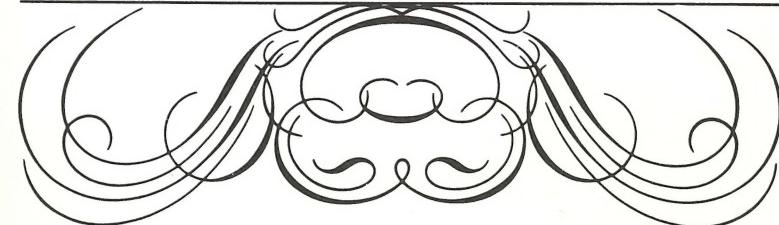
And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

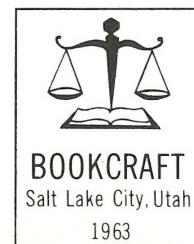
-Robert Frost



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BRYAN B. GARDNER
CALVIN T. BROADHEAD



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PREFACE

For all the wealth of literature specifically directed to the Latter-day Saint, there has been a singular lack of inspirational poetic material. It is hoped that this compact volume may adequately fill the void.

It has been the intention of the compilers to gather various types of poems, ranging from the highest forms of poetry through to almost the most modest of versification. The principal criteria upon which this collection is based has been the thought: "Does the poem bring out a worth-while moral?"

The authors include those of such literary magnitude as William Shakespeare, John Bunyan, William Wordsworth, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, John Greenleaf Whittier, Sir Walter Scott, Alfred Lord Tennyson, John Donne, Thomas Carlyle, Alexander Pope, Thomas Hood, George Eliot, Thomas Gray, Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Walt Whitman, von Schiller, etc. — to name but a representative selection.

Many of the chosen poems appear to have been written under the cloak of anonymity. Or, perhaps, the author's identity has became detached from his work through the passage of years. Nevertheless the material is of considerable value.

This book will have many practical uses. Some readers will wish to have it as a bedside reader, to savor favorite passages at the close of day. Many others will certainly desire to incorporate the material in religious talks, lessons, and readings on some appropriate social occasions. The poet achieves a moral point with grace and spiritual insight, so aptly phrased that the kernel of thought is long remembered. For this reason each poem is a gem.

B. B. G.
C. B.

1. ACHIEVEMENT

Trust in thine own untried capacity
As thou wouldst trust in God himself.
Thy soul is but an emanation from the whole.
Thou dost not dream what forces lie in thee,
Vast and unfathomed as the grandest sea.

No man can place a limit in thy strength;
Such triumphs as no mortal ever dreamed
May yet be thine if thou wilt but believe
In thy creator and thyself.

At length some feet shall stand
On heights yet unattained.
Why not thine own?
Press on, achieve, achieve.

— Anonymous

2. BETTER TO CLIMB THAN FALL

*Give me a man with an aim,
Whatever that aim may be,
Whether it's wealth, or whether it's fame,
It matters not to me.
Let him walk in the path of right,
And keep his aim in sight,
And work and pray in faith always,
With his eye on the glittering height.*

*Give me a man who says,
"I will do something well,
And make the fleeting days
A story of labor tell."*

*Though the aim he has be small,
It is better than none at all;
With something to do the whole year through
He will not stumble and fall.*

*Give me a man whose heart
Is filled with ambition's fire;
Who sets his mark in the start,
And keeps moving it higher and higher.
Better to die in the strife,
The hands with labor rife
Than to glide with the stream in an idle dream,
And lead a purposeless life.*

*Better to strive and climb
And never reach the goal
Than to drift along with time
An aimless, worthless soul.
Aye, better to climb and fall,
Or sow, through the yield be small,
Than to thow away, day after day,
And never to strive at all.*

—Anonymous

3. CARELESSNESS

How easy it is to spoil a day!
The thoughtless words of cherished friends,
The selfish act of a child at play,
The strength of a will that will not bend,
The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,
The smile that is full of bitter things —
They all can tarnish its golden glow,
And take the grace from its airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a day
By the force of a thought we did not check!
Little by little we mold the clay,
And little flaws may the vessel wreck.
The careless waste of a white-winged hour
That held the blessing we long had sought,
The sudden loss of wealth and power —
And lo! the day is with ill inwrought.

How easy it is to spoil a life —
And many are spoiled ere well begun —
In some life darkened by sin and strife,
Or downward course of a cherished one;
By toil, that robs the form of its grace,
And undermines till health gives way;
By the peevish temper, the frowning face,
The hopes that go and the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain;
Some good should come as the hours go by —
Some tangled maze may be more plain,
Some lowered glance may be raised on high.
And life is too short to spoil like this;
If only a prelude, it may be sweet;
Let us bind together in threads of bliss
And nourish the flowers around our feet.

—Anonymous

4. DIVINE DISCONTENT

*Be not content, contentment means inaction;
The growing soul aches on its upward quest;
Satiety is twin to satisfaction;
All great achievements spring from life's unrest.*

INSPIRATIONAL VERSE

*The tiny roots, deep in the dark mold hiding,
Would never bless the earth with leaf and flower
Were not an inborn restlessness abiding
In seed and germ to stir them with its power.*

*Were man contented with his lot forever,
He had not sought strange seas with sails unfurled:
And the vast wonder of our shores had never
Dawned on the gaze of an admiring world.*

*Prize what is yours, but be not quite contented:
There is a healthful restlessness of soul
By which a mighty purpose is augmented
In urging men to reach a higher goal.*

*So, when the restless impulse rises, driving
Your calm content before it, do not grieve:
It is the upward reaching and the striving
Of the God in you to achieve, achieve.*

— *Anonymous*

5. THE HEIGHTS

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night.

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

INSPIRATIONAL VERSE

6. LUCK

*The "luck" that I believe in
Is that which comes with work;
But no one ever finds it
Who's content to wish and shirk;
The men the world call "lucky"
Will tell you, every one,
Success comes not with wishing,
But by hard work, bravely done.*

— *Anonymous*

7. THE MAN WHO WINS IS AN AVERAGE MAN

The man who wins is an average man:
Not built on any peculiar plan,
Not blest with any peculiar luck;
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

When asked a question he does not "guess."
He knows, and answers "No" or "Yes;"
When set a task that the rest can't do,
He buckles down till he's put it through.

Three things he's learned: that the man who tries
Finds favor in his employer's eyes;
That it pays to know more than one thing well;
That it doesn't pay all he knows to tell.

So he works and waits; till one fine day
There's a better job with bigger pay,
And the men who shirked whenever they could,
Are bossed by the man whose work made good.

For the man who wins is the man who works,
Who neither labor nor trouble shirks,
Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes;
The man who wins is the man who tries.

— Anonymous

8. THE MAN WHO WINS IS THE MAN WHO GOES

*The man who wins is the man who goes
Ahead with his work each day;
Who's never struck by his adverse luck,
But makes of his labors play;
From early dawn he will toil on,
And know that the world's all right.
And he sings a song as he goes along,
For it sharpens his appetite.*

*The man who wins is the man who smiles
And sees that the sky is blue;
He is always there with a great big share
Of smiles and of sunshine, too;
He never growls, and he never howls
That the world is out of gear—
But he meets the shocks and the jealous knocks
With a great, broad smile of cheer.*

— Anonymous

9. THE MAN WHO THINKS HE CAN

If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you like to win, but think you can't,
It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost,
For out in the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will;
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you are outclassed, you are;
You've got to think high to rise.
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can.

— Walter D. Wintle

10. ONE TALENT

*In a napkin smooth and white,
Hidden from all mortal sight,
My one talent hides tonight.*

*Mine to hoard, or mine to use;
Mine to keep, or mine to lose;
May I not do what I choose?*

*Ah! the gift was only lent
With the Giver's known intent
That it should be wisely spent.*

*And I know he will demand
Every farthing at my hand
When I in his presence stand.*

*What will be my grief and shame
When I hear my humble name
And cannot repay the claim!*

*One poor talent — nothing more!
All the years that have gone o'er
Have not added to the store.*

*Some will double what they hold,
Others add to it tenfold
And pay back the shining gold.*

*Would that I had toiled like them!
All my sloth I now condemn;
Guilty fears my soul o'erwhelm.*

*Lord, oh teach me what to do.
Make me faithful, make me true,
And the sacred trust renew.*

*Help me, ere too late it be,
Something yet to do for Thee,
Thou who hast done all for me.*

—Anonymous

11. SUCCESS

You can't fell trees without some chips.
You can't achieve without some slips.
Unless you try, you'll wonder why
Good fortune seems to pass you by.
Success is not for those who quail
She gives her best to those who fail

*And then with courage twice as great
Take issue once again with fate.
'Tis better far to risk a fall
Than not to make attempt at all.*

—Anonymous

12. THYSELF

*Couldst thou in vision see
Thyself, the man God meant,
Thou never then would be
The man thou art, content.*

—Anonymous

13. THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER'S HAND

"Twas battered and scarred, and the auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his while
To waste much time on the old violin,
But held it up with a smile.
"What am I bidden, good folks," he cried,
"Who will start bidding for me?
A dollar, a dollar" —then, "Two!" "Only two?
Two dollars, and who'll make it three?
Three dollars once; three dollars, twice;
Going for three —" But no,
From the room, far back, a gray-haired man
Came forward and picked up the bow;
Then, wiping the dust from the old violin,
And tightening the loose strings,
He played a melody pure and sweet
As sweet as a caroling angel sings.

INSPIRATIONAL VERSE

The music ceased, and the auctioneer,
 With a voice that was quiet and low,
 Said, "What am I bidden for the old violin?"
 And he held it up with the bow.
 "A thousand dollars, and who'll make it two?
 Two thousand! And who'll make it three?
 Three thousand, once; three thousand, twice;
 And going, and gone!" said he.
 The people cheered, but some of them cried,
 "We do not quite understand
 What changed its worth?" Swift came the reply:
 "The touch of the master's hand."

And many a man with life out of tune,
 And battered and scarred with sin,
 Is auctioned cheap to the thoughtless crowd,
 Much like the old violin.
 A "mess of pottage," a glass of wine;
 A game — and he travels on.
 He's "going" once, and "going" twice,
 He's "going" and "almost gone."

But the Master comes, and the foolish crowd
 Never can quite understand
 The worth of a soul, and the change that's wrought
 By the touch of the Master's hand.

— Myra Brooks Welch

14. DO IT NOW!

*If you've got a job to do,
 Do it now!
 If it's one you wish were through,
 Do it now!
 If you're sure the job's your own,*

INSPIRATIONAL VERSE

*Do not hem and haw and groan —
 Do it now!
 Don't put off a bit of work,
 Do it now!
 It doesn't pay to shirk,
 Do it now!
 If you want to fill a place,
 And be useful to the race,
 Just get up and take a brace —
 Do it now!
 Don't linger by the way,
 Do it now!
 You'll lose if you delay,
 Do it now!
 If the other fellows wait,
 Or postpone until it's late,
 You hit up a faster gait —
 Do it now!*

— *Anonymous*

15. GOD WANTS A MAN

God wants a man — honest and true and brave;
 A man who hates the wrong and loves the right;
 A man who scorns all compromise with sin,
 Who for the truth courageously will fight.

God wants a man — in lowly walk or high,
 Who to the world by daily life will prove
 That Christ abides within the yielded heart,
 Fitting that heart for service and for love.

God wants a man who dares to tell the truth,
 Who in the market-place will stand four-square;

Whose word men trust — a man who never stoops
To hurt his fellow or to act unfair.

God wants a man of action and of faith,
Whose life is something more than cant and talk;
Who lives each day as though it were his last,
And proves his faith by a consistent walk.

— Anonymous

16. NOW

*If you have hard work to do,
Do it now.*

*Today the skies are clear and blue,
Tomorrow clouds may come into view,
Yesterday is not for you;
Do it now.*

*If you have a song to sing,
Sing it now.*

*Let the notes of gladness ring
Clear as song of bird in spring;
Let every day some music bring;
Sing it now.*

*If you have kind words to say,
Say them now.
Tomorrow may not come your way,
Do a kindness while you may,
Loved ones will not always stay;
Say them now.*

*If you have a smile to show,
Show it now.*

*Make hearts happy, roses grow,
Let the friends around you know
The love you have before they go;
Show it now.*

— *Anonymous*

17. OPPORTUNITY

This I beheld, or dreamed in a dream: —
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud or in it, raged
A furious battle, and man yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears, — but this
Blunt thing —!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

— *Edward Rowland Sill*

18. OUR DEEDS WILL FOLLOW US

*That our deeds will follow us yonder
It a truism well understood;*

*And that's why I often-times ponder
O'er my deeds, both the bad and the good.*

*I try to gaze frankly and boldly
On the scenes that forever have passed;
To judge unimpassioned and coldly
Of my life which has sped on so fast.*

*E'en as a leaf thrown in the river
Have I floated down life's foaming stream;
And so I shall float on forever,
Yet I feel that my life's not a dream.*

*Ah, no, it is true; I am living,
And I know my soul cannot die;
Experience this life is giving
Which will be of worth to me on high.*

*A crown of celestial glory!
Can it ever be won without pain?
Ah, no; we must write this life's story —
Though 'tis sad, we must never complain.*

*Complain? Why, we're here on a mission!
We are here, sons and daughters of God,
To tread down unrighteous ambition,
And to walk where angels have trod.*

*My deeds — ah, the good ones are shining
Like the beautiful stars of the night;
But the bad, serpent-like, are entwining
Round my green, spreading tree of delight.*

*That our deeds will follow us yonder
Is a truism well understood;
And that's why all men should oft ponder
O'er their deeds, both the bad and the good.
— Alfred Osmond*

19. from PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE

Better guide well the young than reclaim them when old.
For the voice of true wisdom is calling.,
To rescue the fallen is good, but 'tis best
To prevent other people from falling.
Better close up the source of temptation and crime,
Than deliver from dungeon and galley.
Better put a strong fence 'round the top of the cliff
Than an ambulance down in the valley.

—Anonymous

20. THE THINGS THAT COUNT

*Not what we have, but what we use,
Not what we see, but what we choose —
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.*

*The things near by not things afar,
Not what we seem, but what we are —
These are the things that make or break
That give the heart its joy or ache.*

*Not what seems fair, but what is true,
Not what we dream, but what we do —
These are the things that shine like gems,
Like stars in fortune's diadems.*

— Anonymous

21. 'TIS YOU, MY FRIEND

The world is waiting for somebody,
 Waiting and watching today;
 Somebody to lift and strengthen,
 Somebody to shield and stay.
 Do you thoughtfully question, "Who?"
 'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you.

The world is waiting for somebody,
 The sad world, bleak and cold,
 When wan-faced children are watching
 For hope in the eyes of the old.
 Do you wond'ring question, "Who?"
 'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you.

The world is waiting for somebody,
 And has been for years and years;
 Somebody to soften its sorrows,
 Somebody to heed its tears.
 Then, doubting, question no longer, "Who?"
 For, oh, my friend, 'tis you!

—Anonymous

22. A THANKFUL HEART

*For all that God in mercy sends —
 For health and children, home and friends:
 For comforts in the time of need,
 For every kindly word or deed,
 For happy thoughts and holy talk,
 For guidance in our daily walk —
 In everything give thanks!*

*For beauty in this world of ours,
 For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
 For song of birds, for hum of bees,
 For the refreshing summer breeze,
 For hill and plain, for streams and wood,
 For the great ocean's mighty flood —
 In everything give thanks!*

— E. I. Tupper

23. AN UNDERSTANDING HEART

In my intense desire for sight,
 May I not stand in someone's light.
 And if my neighbour err, I pray,
 Oh, show me, then, my feet of clay.
 God grant to me the highest art;
 Give me the understanding heart.

—Anonymous

24. SOMEHOW STRENGTH LASTED

*Somehow strength lasted through the day,
 Hope joined with courage in the way;
 The feet still kept the uphill road,
 The shoulders did not drop their load,
 And unseen power sustained the heart
 When flesh and will failed in their part,
 While God gave light
 By day and night,
 And also grace to bear the smart.
 For this give thanks.*

— Anonymous

25. SPEAK OUT

If you have a friend worth loving,
 Love him. Yes, and let him know
 That you love him, ere life's evening
 Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
 Why should good words ne'er be said
 Of a friend — till he's dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
 Sung by any child of song,
 Praise it. Do not let the singer
 Wait deserved praises long.
 Why should one who thrills your heart
 Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
 By its humble, pleading tone
 Join it. Do not let the seeker
 Bow before God alone.
 Why should not thy brother share
 The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If your work is made more easy
 By a friendly, helping hand,
 Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
 Ere the darkness veil the land.
 Should a brother workman dear
 Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
 All enriching as you go —
 Leave them. Trust the Harvest-Giver;

He will make each seed to grow.
 So until the happy end,
 Your life shall never lack a friend.

— Anonymous

26. TELL IT

*If you hear a kind word spoken
 Of some worthy soul you know,
 It may fill his heart with sunshine
 If you only tell him so.*

*If a deed, however humble,
 Helps you on your way to go,
 Seek the one whose hand has helped you,
 Seek him out and tell him so.*

*If your heart is touched and tender
 Toward a sinner, lost and low;
 It might help him to do better
 If you'd only tell him so.*

— Anonymous

27. AN ANGEL UNAWARES

If after kirk ye bide a wee,
 There's some would like to speak to ye;
 If after kirk ye rise and flee,
 We'll all seem cold and stiff to ye.

The one that's in the seat wi' ye,
Is stranger here than you, may be;
All here hae got their fears and cares —
Add you your soul unto our prayers;
Be you our angel unawares.

— Anonymous

28. BUILD A BETTER YOU

*Your task, to build a better world, God said;
I answered, How?
This world is such a large vast place,
So complicated now,
And I so small and useless am,
There's nothing I can do.
But God in all his wisdom said,
Just build a better you.*

— Anonymous

29. EACH MUST MAKE . . .

Each is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass,
A book of rules;
And each must make,
'Ere life is flown,
A stumbling block,
Or a stepping stone.

— R. L. Sharpe

30. FACE THE SUN

*Don't hunt for trouble, but look for success;
You'll find what you look for — don't pray for distress.
If you see but your shadow, remember I pray
That the sun is still shining, but you're in the way.*

*Don't grumble, don't bluster, don't dream and don't shirk;
Don't think of your worries, but think of your work.
The worries will vanish, the work will be done,
No man sees his shadow, who faces the sun.*

— Anonymous

31. HOPE

Hope, like a gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers our way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

— Oliver Goldsmith

32. LOOK FOR GOODNESS

*Do not look for wrong and evil —
You will find them if you do;
As you measure your neighbor
He will measure it back to you.*

*Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.*

— Alice Cary

33. OPPORTUNITY

Master of human destinies am I.
 Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait,
 Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
 Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
 Hovel, and mart, and palace, soon or late
 I knock unbidden once at every gate!
 If sleeping, wake — if feasting, rise before
 I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
 And they who follow me reach every state
 Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
 Save death, but those who doubt or hesitate,
 Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
 Seek me in vain and uselessly implore —
 I answer not, and I return no more.

—John James Ingalls

34. THE PLODDER'S PETITION

*Lord, let me not be too content
 With life in trifling service spent —
 Make me aspire!*

*When days with petty cares are filled,
 Let me with fleeting thoughts be thrilled
 Of something higher!*

—Helen Gilbert

35. THE RAINY DAY

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
 It rains, and the wind is never weary;

The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
 But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
 And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
 It rains, and the wind is never weary;
 My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
 But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
 And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
 Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
 Thy fate is the common fate of all,
 Into each life some rain must fall,
 Some days must be dark and dreary.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

36. SAY SOMETHING

*Pick out the folks you like the least and watch 'em for a while;
 They never waste a kindly word, they never waste a smile;
 They criticize their fellow-men at every chance they get,
 They never found a human just to suit their fancy yet.
 From them I guess you'd learn these things, if they were pointed
 out —*

*Some things that every one of us should know a lot about,
 When some one "knocks" a brother, pass around the loving cup —
 Say something good about him if you have to make it up.*

*It's safe to say that every man God made holds trace of good
 That he would fain exhibit to his fellows, if he could;
 The kindly deeds in many a soul are hibernating there,
 Awaiting the encouragement of other souls that dare
 To show the best that's in him; and a universal move
 Would start the whole world running in a hopeful, helpful groove.*

*Say something sweet to paralyze the "knocker" on the spot —
Speak kindly of his victim if you know the man or not.*

*The eyes that peek and peer to find the worst a brother holds,
The tongue that speaks in bitterness, that frets and fumes and
scolds;*

*The hands that bruise the fallen, though their strength was
made to raise*

*The weaklings who have stumbled at the parting of the ways —
All these should be forgiven, for "they know not what they do;"
Their hidrance makes a greater work for wiser ones like you.
So, when they scourge a wretched one who's drained sin's
bitter cup,*

Say something good about him if you have to make it up.

— Anonymous

37. THE TWO SIDES OF IT

There was a girl who always said
Her fate was very hard;
From the one thing she wanted most
She always was debarred.
There always was a cloudy spot
Somewhere within her sky;
Nothing was ever just quite right,
She used to say, and sigh.

And yet her sister, strange to say,
Whose lot was quite the same,
Found something pleasant for herself
In every day that came.
Of course things tangled up sometimes
For just a little while;
But nothing ever stayed all wrong
She used to say, and smile.

So one girl sighed and one girl smiled
Through all their lives together;
It didn't come from luck or fate,
From clear or cloudy weather.
The reason lay within their hearts,
And colored all outside;
One chose to hope, and one to mope,
And so they smiled and sighed.

— Priscilla Leonard

38. YOUR DECISION

*You are the handicap you must face.
You are the one who must choose your place.
You must say where you want to go,
How much you will study the truth to know.
God has equipped you for life, but he
Lets you decide what you want to be.*

— Anonymous

39. BETTER THAN GOLD

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousandfold,
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share his joys with a genial glow;
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere,
Doubly blessed with content and health,

Untried by the lusts and cares of wealth,
 Lowly living and lofty thought
 Adorn and ennable a poor man's cot;
 For mind and morals in nature's plan
 Are the genuine tests of an earnest man.

Better than gold is a peaceful home
 Where all the fireside characters come,
 The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
 Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife,
 However humble the home may be,
 Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
 The blessings that never were bought or sold,
 And center there are better than gold.

— Abram J. Ryan

40. BLESS THIS HOUSE

*Bless this house, O Lord, we pray,
 Make it safe by night and day;
 Bless these walls, so firm and stout,
 Keeping want and trouble out;
 Bless the roof and chimneys tall,
 Let thy peace lie over all;
 Bless this door, that it may prove
 Ever open to joy and love.*

— Anonymous

41. ENOUGH

He that is down needs fear no fall,
 He that is low, no pride;
 He that is humble ever shall
 Have God to be his guide.

I am contented with that I have,
 Little it be or much;
 And Lord, contentment still I crave,
 Because thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is
 That go on pilgrimage;
 Here little, and hereafter bliss,
 Is best from age to age.

— John Bunyan

42. from "ODE ON SOLITUDE"

*Happy the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breath his native air
 In his own ground.*

*Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.*

*Blest, who can unconcernedly find
 House, days, and years, slide soft away
 In health of body, peace of mind;
 Quiet by day.*

*Sound sleep by night; study and ease
 Together mixed, sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most does please
 With meditation.*

— Alexander Pope

43. THE SILVER LINING

There's never a day so sunny
 But a little cloud appears,
 There's never a life so happy
 But has its time of tears;
 Yet the sun shines out the brighter
 Whenever the tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
 With roses in every plot;
 There's never a heart so hardened
 But has one tender spot;
 We have only to prune the border
 To find the forget-me-not.

There is never a cup so pleasant
 But has bitter with the sweet;
 There is never a path so rugged,
 Bearing not the print of feet,
 But we have a helper furnished
 For the trials we may meet.

There is never a way so narrow
 But the entrance is made straight,
 There is always a guide to point us
 To the "little wicket gate."
 And the angels will be nearest
 To a soul that's desolate.

There is never a heart so haughty
 But will some day bow and kneel;
 There is never a heart so wounded
 That the Savior cannot heal;
 There is many a lowly forehead
 Bearing now the hidden seal.

There's never a dream so happy
 But the waking makes us sad;
 There's never a dream of sorrow
 But the waking makes us glad;
 We shall look some day with wonder
 At the troubles we have had.

— Anonymous

44. THE WORLD IS MINE

Lazy
Today upon a bus, I saw a lovely maid with golden hair;
I envied her — she seemed so gay — and I wished I were as fair.
When suddenly she rose to leave, I saw her hobble down the aisle;
She had one foot and wore a crutch, but as she passed, a smile.

Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;
I have two feet — the world is mine!

And then I stopped to buy some sweets. The lad who sold them
had such charm.

I talked to him and he said to me: "It's nice to talk with
folks like you.

You see," he said, "I'm blind."

Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;
I have two eyes — the world is mine!

Then walking down the street, I saw a child with eyes of blue.
He stood and watched the others play;
It seemed he knew not what to do.

I stopped a moment, then I said:
"Why don't you join the others, dear?"

He looked ahead without a word; and then I knew, he could
not hear.

Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;
I have two ears — the world is mine!

With feet to take me where I'd go;
With eyes to see the sunset's glow;

*With ears to hear what I would know,
Oh, God forgive me when I whine;
I'm blessed indeed! The World is Mine!*

—Anonymous

45. AT CHURCH NEXT SUNDAY

If I knew you and you knew me,
How little trouble there would be.
We pass each other on the street,
But just come out and let us meet,
At church next Sunday.

Each one intends to do what's fair,
And treat his neighbor on the square,
But he may not quite understand
Why you don't take him by the hand
At church next Sunday.

This world is sure a busy place,
And we must hustle in the race.
For social hours some are not free
The six week days, but all should be
At church next Sunday.

We have an interest in our town,
The dear old place must not go down;
We want to push good things along.
And we can help some if we're strong
At church next Sunday.

Don't knock and kick and slam and slap
At everybody on the map,
But push and pull and boost and boom
And use up all the standing room
At church next Sunday.

— Anonymous

46. IT ISN'T THE CHURCH — IT'S YOU

*If you want to have the kind of church
Like the kind of church you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.
You'll only find what you left behind,
For there's nothing really new.
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your church;
It isn't the church — it's you.*

*When everything seems to be going wrong,
And trouble seems everywhere brewing;
When prayer meeting, young people's meeting, and all
Seem simmeringly slowly — stewing,
Just take a look at yourself and say
"What's the use of being blue?"
Are you doing your 'bit' to make things 'hit'?
It isn't the church — it's you.*

*It's really strange sometimes, don't you know,
That things go as well as they do,
When we think of the little — the very small mite —
We add to the work of the few.
We sit, and stand around, and complain of what's done,
And do very little but fuss.
Are we bearing our share of the burdens to bear?
It isn't the church — It's you.*

*So, if you want to have the kind of a church
Like the kind of a church you like,
Put off your guile, and put on your best smile,
And hike, my brother, just hike.
To the work in hand that has to be done —
The work of saving a few,
It isn't the church that is wrong, my boy;
It isn't the church — it's you.*

— Anonymous

47. WHY PEOPLE GO TO CHURCH

Some go to church to take a walk
 Some go there to laugh and talk.
 Some go there to meet a friend,
 Some go there their time to spend.
 Some go there to meet a lover,
 Some go there a fault to cover.
 Some go there for speculation,
 Some go there for observation.
 Some go there to doze and nod,
 The wise go there to worship God.

— Anonymous

48. HE KNOWS

*There are two words of light divine
 That fall upon this heart of mine,
 That thrill me in the hour of gain,
 That still me in the hour of pain,
 Two words endued with magic power,
 Sufficient unto any hour —*

He knows.

*As summer breezes, cool and sweet,
 Bring rest, relief from toil and heat;
 As showers, needed as they fall,
 Renew, refresh and comfort all;
 So to my feverish heart is given
 This loving message, fresh from heaven:
 He knows.*

*My fainting heart finds strength in this,
 My hungry heart here seeks its bliss;
 Here angry billows never surge,*

*Here death fears, with murmuring fraught,
 Find sudden calm beneath this thought:
 He knows.*

*O lullaby for children grown!
 O nectar sweet for lips that moan!
 O balm to stricken hearts oppressed!
 O pillow where worn heads may rest!
 All joy, all comfort in thee meet,
 O blessed words, surpassing sweet,
 He knows.*

— *Anonymous*

49. IF I CAN STOP ONE HEART FROM BREAKING

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
 I shall not live in vain;
 If I can ease one life the aching,
 Or cool one pain,
 Or help one fainting robin
 Unto his nest again,
 I shall not live in vain.

— *Emily Dickinson*

50. MERCY

*The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,*

*The attribute of awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway,
It is enthroned in the heart of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.*

— William Shakespeare

51. UP-HILL

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

— Christina Georgina Rossetti

52. THE ABLE SAILOR

*Small skill is gained by those who cling to ease;
The able sailor hails from stormy seas.
— Anonymous*

53. DON'T ENVY OTHER PEOPLE

Don't think when you have troubles
That your neighbor goes scot-free
Because he shows a smiling front
And battles cheerfully.
No, man! He, too, has troubles,
But herein the difference lies,
While you go idly moping round,
The other fellow tries.

Don't envy other people;
Maybe, if the truth you knew,
You'd find their burdens heavier far
Than is the case with you.
Because a fellow, rain or shine,
Can show a smiling face,
Don't think you'd have an easier time
If you could take his place.

"Tis hope and cheery courage
That incite one to retrieve
One's past mistakes, to start afresh,
To dare and to achieve.
So smile, and if perchance you light
The spark of hope anew
In some poor sad and burdened heart,
All honor be to you.

— Anonymous

54. DON'T FEAR

*Feel glum? Keep mum.
Don't grumble. Be Humble.
Trials cling? Just sing.
Can't sing? Just cling.
Don't fear — God's near!
Money goes — He knows.
Honor left — Not bereft.
Don't rust — Work! Trust!*

— Ernest Bourner Allen

55. GIVE US MEN!

Give us Men!
Men — from every rank,
Fresh and free and frank;
Men of thought and reading,
Men of light and leading,
Men of loyal breeding,
The nation's welfare speeding;
Men of faith and not of fiction,
Men of lofty aim in action;
Give us Men — I say again,
Give us Men!

Give us Men!
Strong and stalwart ones;
Men whom highest hope inspires,
Men whom purest honor fires,
Men who trample self beneath them,
Men who make their country wreath them
As her noble sons,
Worthy of their sires;
Men who never shame their mothers,

Men who never fail their brothers,
True, however false are others:
Give us Men — I say again,
Give us Men!

Give us Men!
Men who, when the tempest gathers,
Grasp the standard of their fathers
In the thickest fight;
Men who strike for home and altar,
(Let the coward cringe and falter),
God defend the right!
True as truth the lorn and lonely,
Tender, as the brave are only;
Men who tread where saints have trod,
Men for Country, Home — and God:
Give us Men! — I say again — again —
Give us Men!

— Edward Henry Bickersteth

56. THE LAW OF LIFE

*The tree that never had to fight
For sun and sky and air and light,
That stood out in the open plain,
And always got its share of rain,
Never became a forest king.*

*The man who never had to toil,
Who never had to win his share,
Of sun and sky and light and air,
Never became a manly man,
But lived and died as he began.*

*Good timber does not grow in ease;
The stronger wind, the tougher trees;*

*The more the storm, the more the strength;
By sun and cold, by rain and snow,
In tree or man, good timber grows.*

*Where thickest stands the forest growth,
We find the patriarchs of both,
And they hold converse with the stars,
Whose broken branches show the scars
Of many winds and much of strife.
This is the common law of life.*

— *Anonymous*

57. THE NEW CHANGE

Oh, every year hath its winter,
And every year hath its rain —
But a day is always coming
When the birds go north again;

When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass springs green on the plain,
And the Alder's veins turn crimson —
And the birds go north again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain —
But a day is always coming
When the birds go north again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over —
Why, the birds go north again.

— *Ella Higginson*

58. NO!

*You're starting today on life's journey,
Alone on the highway of life.
You'll meet with a thousand temptations,
Each city with evil is rife.
This world is a stage of excitement,
There're dangers wherever you go,
But if you are tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my boy, to say No.*

*The siren's sweet smile may allure you,
Beware of her cunning and art,
Whenever you see her approaching,
Be guarded and haste to depart.
The billboard saloons are inviting,
Decked out in their tinsel and show.
Should you be invited to enter,
Have courage, my boy, to say No.*

*Be careful in choosing companions,
Seek only the brave and the true;
And stand by your friends when in trial,
Ne'er changing the old for the new;
And when by false friends you are tempted,
The taste of the wine cup to know,
With firmness, with patience and kindness,
Have courage, my boy, to say No.*

*The bright sparkling wine may be offered,
No matter how tempting it may be.
From poison that stings like an adder,
My boy, have the courage to flee.
The gambling halls are before you,
Their lights, how they dance to and fro;
You may be invited to enter,*

*Do have courage, my boy, to say No.
In courage alone lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin,
And trust in your heavenly Father
Will keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing,
As streams from a rivulet flow.
But if you are true to your manhood,
You'll have courage, my boy, to say NO.*

— Anonymous

59. ON BEING VALIANT

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: It's meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes, add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
While, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?

— William Shakespeare

60. THE ONE

*I knew his face the moment that he passed
Triumph, though the quiet, tired eyes
Showed that his soul had suffered over long
And though across his brow faint lines of care
Were etched, somewhat of youth still lingered there.
I gently touched his arm, he smiled at me.
He was the man that once I meant to be.*

*Where I had failed, he's won from life success;
Where I had stumbled, with sure feet he stood;
Alike — yet unlike — we faced the world,
And through the stress he found that life was good.
And I? The bitter worm wood in the glass,
The shadowed way along which failures pass.
Yet as I saw him thus, joy came to me
For he was the man that once I meant to be.*

*I knew him, and I knew he knew me, for the
Man he might have been. Then did his soul
Thank silently the God's that gave him strength
To win, while I so sorely missed the goal.
He turned and quickly in his own firm hand
He took my own — strong, self-reliant, free.
He was the man that once I meant to be.*

*We did not speak, but in his sapient eyes
I saw the spirit that had urged him on.
The courage that had held him through the fight
Had once been mine, I thought, can it be gone?
He felt that unasked question — felt it so.
His pale lips formed the one-word answer, No!
Too late to win? Not too late for me —
He is the man that still I mean to be.*

— Anonymous

61. OUR HEROES

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right;
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades

Will find a most powerful foe.
All honor to him if he conquers.
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about.
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin singlehanded
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
To do what you know to be right.
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you will o'ercome in the fight.
"The right," be your battle cry ever
In waging the warfare of life,
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

— Phoebe Cary

62. I WOULD BE TRUE

*I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be friend of all — the foe, the friendless;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up — and laugh — and love — and lift.*

— Howard Arnold Walter

63. MY DAILY CREED

Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me;
Let me praise a little more;
Let me be, when I am weary,
Just a little more cheery;
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver
When temptation bids me waver;
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be;
Let me be a little meeker
With the brother that is weaker;
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me.

— Anonymous

64. BE NEAR ME WHEN MY LIGHT IS LOW

*Be near me when my light is low;
When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
And tingle; and the heart is sick,
And all the wheels of Being slow.*

*Be near me when the sensuous frame
I racked with pangs that conquer trust;
And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
And Life, a Fury slinging flame.*

*Be near me when my faith is dry,
And men the flies of latter spring,*

*And lay their eggs, and sting and sing,
And weave their petty cells, and die.*

*Be near me when I fade away,
To point the term of human strife,
And, on the low dark verge of life,
The twilight of eternal day.*

— Alfred Tennyson

65. DEATH

Why should we look on death as sad?
Why should we feel as if we had
Suddenly faced an empty world
When death her out-stretched arms has curled,
Around a form so near our heart?
We felt we could not bear to part;
Our spirits lived before their birth
Into their dwellings here on earth,
Lived in a spirit world with God;
And in that world we spirits trod
Amid the works of higher form
Than those now seen midst sea and storm.

Can death then end such spirits' lives
As from life's stormy sea it drives
The frail bark drifting o'er the tide?
No, they past death's dark portals glide,
To sail a calmer, broader sea
Until another port they see.
Thus on they sail through storm and calm,
Held in the hollow of his palm;
Thus on they ride, forever on,
Passing from sea to sea and gone,
At least to sail a sea so broad
Its bounds are known to none save God.

— Anonymous

66. DEATH, BE NOT PROUD

*Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so:
For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow;
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and souls' delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And doth with poison war and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die.*

— John Donne

67. FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

Any man's death diminishes me
Because I am involved in Mankind;
And therefore never send to know
For whom the bell tolls,
It tolls for thee.

— John Donne

68. from RESIGNATION

*There is no Death. What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.*

*She is not dead — the child of our affection, —
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule.*

— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

69. from THANATOPSIS

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

— William Cullen Bryant

70. BUCKLE IN

*You've failed, you say, my boy, Ah well,
The world will still be bright;
The strongest scrapper of them all
Must sometimes lose a fight.
The fastest horse that ever ran
Sees times when he can't win;
You've failed, you say, my boy? Ah, well,
Just smile and buckle in.*

*The man who wins success must fail,
Not once, but often lad;
All victories that come to one,
In failures must be clad;*

*The fellow who's ahead has seen
The times he didn't win;
He had his setbacks — lots of them,
So smile and buckle in.*

*Hard work will do 'most everything
If you'll but keep it up;
And in the end 'twill let you, lad,
Drink from good fortune's cup.
You've failed, you say, my boy, Ah, well,
Greet failures with a grin;
Keep pluggin' and you'll land on top,
Get busy! buckle in!*

— Anonymous

71. DARE

Dare to think, though others frown;
Dare in words your thoughts express;
Dare to rise, though oft cast down;
Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.

Dare from custom to depart;
Dare the priceless pearl possess;
Dare to wear it next your heart;
Dare, when others curse, to bless.

Dare forsake what you deem wrong;
Dare to walk in wisdom's way;
Dare to give where gifts belong,
Dare God's precepts to obey.

Do what conscience says is right,
Do what reason says is best,
Do with all your mind and might;
Do your duty and be blest.

— Anonymous

72. DETERMINE TO WIN

*When you get hard knocks and buffets —
As in life you're bound to do —
Don't give in, nor whine and murmur,
But determine to win through.*

*Strip your coat off, roll your sleeves up,
Set to work and be sincere!
You'll win through a heap of trouble
If you smile and persevere.*

*'Tis the one who's full of sunshine,
And who genuinely tries,
Who will clear the clouds of trouble
From his own and others' skies.*

*Deeds of honest loving-kindness
Give a fallen fellow heart,
And upon his uphill journey,
Help him play a manly part.*

— Anonymous

73. DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all up hill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must — but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As everyone of us sometimes learns,

And many a failure turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out;
Don't give up, though the pace seems slow —
You might succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man,
Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup.
And he learned too late, when the night slipped down,
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out —
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt —
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit —
It's when things seem worst that you musn't quit.

— Anonymous

74. IF YOU WANT A THING BAD ENOUGH

*If you want a thing bad enough
To go out and fight for it,
Work day and night for it,
Give up your time and your peace and your sleep for it,
If only a desire of it
Makes you had enough
Never to tire of it,
Makes you hold all things tawdry and cheap for it,
If life seems empty and useless without it
And all that you scheme and you dream is about it
If gladly you sweat for it,
Fret for it,
Plan for it,*

*Lose all your terror of God and man for it
 If you'll simply go after the thing that you want,
 With all your capacity,
 Strength and sagacity,
 Faith, hope and confidence; stern and pertinacity,
 If neither cold, poverty; famished and gaunt,
 Nor sickness, nor pain,
 Of body and brain,
 Can turn you away from the things you want,
 If dogged and grim you besiege and beset it,
 YOU'LL GET IT!*

—Anonymous

75. THE LONG PULL

It's the steady, constant driving
 To the goal for which you're striving,
 Not the speed with which you travel
 That will make the victory sure.
 It's the everlasting gaining,
 Without whimper or complaining
 At the burdens you are bearing
 Or the woes you must endure.

It's the holding to a purpose
 And the never giving in;
 It's the cutting down the distance
 By the little that you win.
 It's the iron will to do it
 And the steady sticking to it.
 So whatever your task, go to it
 And life's purpose you will win.

—Anonymous

76. PERSEVERANCE

*The ninety and nine are with dreams content;
 But the hope of a world made new
 Is the hundredth man who is grimly bent
 On making that dream come true.*

—Anonymous

77. PLUCK

Be firm. One constant element in luck
 Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck.
 See yon tall shaft? It felt the earthquake's thrill,
 Clung to its base, and greets the sunlight still.

Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,
 But only crow-bars loose the bulldog's grip;
 Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields
 Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.

Yet, in opinions look not always back;
 Your wake is nothing — mind the coming track;
 Leave what you've done for what you have to do,
 Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

78. THE RIVER WE HAVE TO CROSS

*There's always a river we have to cross,
 Always an effort to make,
 If there's anything good to win,
 Any rich prize to take.
 Yonder's the fruit we crave;
 Yonder the charming scene;*

*But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.*

*For rougher the way that we take,
The stouter the heart and the verve;
The stones in our path we break,
Nor e'er from our impulse swerve;
For the glory we hope to win
Our labors we count no loss;
'Tis folly to pause and murmur because
Of the river we have to cross.*

— Anonymous

79. TRY, TRY AGAIN

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again;
Then your courage should appear,
For, if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear;
Try, try again.

Once or twice though you should fail,
Try, try again;
If you would at last prevail,
Try, try again;
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace
Though we do not win the race;
What should you do in the case?
Try, try again.

Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try again.

All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, should not you?
Only keep this rule in view;
Try, try again.

— Anonymous

80. from IF YOU COULD HIE TO KOLOB

*If you could hie to Kolob, In th' twinkling of an eye,
And then continue onward, With that same speed to fly,
D'y'e think that you could ever, Through all eternity,
Find out the generation Where Gods began to be?*

*Or see the grand beginning, Where space did not extend?
Or view the last creation, Where Gods and matter end?
Methinks the Spirit whispers, 'No man has found 'pure space',
Nor seen the outside curtains, Where nothing has a place.*

*The works of God continue, And worlds and lives abound;
Improvement and progression Have one eternal round.
There is no end to matter, There is no end to space.
There is no end to spirit, There is no end to race.*

— Parley P. Pratt

81. MAN SURVIVES

Impossible you say that man survives the grave,
That there are other lives
More strange, oh friend;
That we should ever rise
From out the dark,
To walk beneath the skies.

But having risen to life and light,
We need to wonder at our deathless flight.
Life is the unbelievable,
But now that this incredible has taught us how
We can believe all imagining power
That breathed the cosmos forth as golden flower,
Had potency in his breath.

And plants us new surprises beyond death,
New spaces and new goals
For the adventure of ascending souls.
Be brave, O heart, be brave.

It is not strange that man survives the grave,
'Twould be a stranger thing were he destroyed,
Than that he ever vaulted from the void.

— Anonymous

82. from ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

*Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our Life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!*

— William Wordsworth

83. A PIRATE CHIEF

O coward soul, O human heart,
Why dost thou shrink? Why dost thou start?
Alas! too plain thy cause for fear:
A Pirate Chief is lurking near.
Guard well thy gate; if he should win,
He lets a thousand robbers in.
For Evil Thought ne'er called in vain
On those who follow in his train!

Aye, watch thee well, lest barriers fail;
Build higher walls than he may scale
Who sees thy weakness but to dare
To compass thee by might and snare;
Who notes each rampart, marks each tower,
That would defy his pirate power,
And challenges each sentinel
That guards the fast-shut citadel.

With cunning speech for virtue meet,
And guise of beauty's fair deceit;
With sweet, persuasive blandishment
He masks the face of Ill Intent,
And softly, subtle woos until
The stalwart Warrior, giant Will,
Inert through many a conflict fought,
Unbars the door to Evil Thought!

Dost hope the bandit horde to stay
Where once their chief hath won his way?
Too late the watchman wakes and calls,
When open gate and crumbling walls
Have let his hosts of robbers in
To work their deeds of shame and sin;
Brave heart, build high the strong redoubt,
Which keeps the Pirate Chieftain out!

— Zitella Cocke

84. THE BRIDGE BUILDER

*An old man going a lone highway,
Came at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm vast and deep and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim
The sullen stream had no fears for him;
But he turned when safe to the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.*

*"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You're wasting your strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day;
You never again must pass this way;
You have crossed the chasm, deep and wide —
Why build you this bridge at the eventide?"*

*The builder lifted his old gray head:
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm that has been as naught to me
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."*

— Will Allen Dromgoole

85. THE FELLER THAT YOUR MOTHER THINKS YOU ARE

While walking down a crowded street one day,
I heard a little urchin to his comrade turn and say:
"Say, Jimmy, let me tell you I'd be happy as a clam
If I only was the feller that my mother thinks I am."

*"She thinks I am a wonder and she knows her little lad
Would never mix with nothing that is ugly, mean or bad.
Oh, lots of times I sit and think how nice 'twould be, Gee Whiz,
If a feller was the feller that his mother thinks he is."*

*My friends, be yours a life of pain, or undiluted joy,
You still may learn a lesson from this small unlettered boy.
Don't try to be an earthly saint with eyes fixed on a star;
Just try to be the feller that your mother thinks you are.*

— Anonymous

86. HOLD HIGH THE TORCH

*Hold high the torch!
You did not light its glow —
'Twas given you by other hands, you know.
'Tis yours to keep it burning bright,
Yours to pass on when you no more need light;
For there are other feet we must guide,
And other forms go marching by our side;
Their eyes are watching every smile and tear
And efforts which we think are not worthwhile,
Are sometimes just the very helps they need,
Actions to which their souls would give most heed;
So that in turn they'll hold it high
And say, 'I watched someone else carry it this way.'
If brighter paths should beckon you to choose,
Would your small gain compare with all you'd lose?
Hold high the torch!
You did not light its glow —
'Twas given you by other hands, you know.
I think it started down its pathway bright,
The day the Maker said: "Let there be light."
And He once said, who hung on Calvary's tree —
"Ye are the light of the world." . . . Go! . . . Shine — for me.*

— Anonymous

87. I LOOK TO THEE

I look to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again:
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embossed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

— *Samuel Longfellow*

88. I STEPPED IN YOUR STEPS

*A father and his tiny son crossed the rough street one stormy day;
“See, father,” said the little lad, “I stepped in your steps all
the way.”*

*Ah, random, childish hands that deal quick thrusts no coat of
proof can stay;
It touched him with a touch of steel, — “I stepped in your steps
all the way.”*

*If this man shirks his manhood’s due, and heeds what lying
voices say
It is not one that fails, but two, — “I stepped in your steps all the
way.”
But they who thrust off greed and fear, who toil and think, who
watch and pray;
How their hearts carol when they hear: “I stepped in your steps
all the way.”*

— *Anonymous*

89. JUST LIKE HIS DAD

He wants to be like his Dad! You men,
Did you ever think, as you pause,
That the boy who watches your every move
Is building a set of laws?
He’s molding a life you’re the model for,
And whether it’s good or bad,
Depends on the kind of example set
To the boy who’d be like his dad.
Would you have him go everywhere you go?
Have him do just the things you do?
And see everything that your eyes behold,
And woo all the gods you woo?
When you see the worship that shines in the eyes
Of your lovable little lad,
Could you rest content if he gets his wish
And grows to be like his dad?

— *Anonymous*

90. MAKE THIS LIFE WORTH WHILE

*Every soul that touches yours —
Be it the slightest contact —
Gets therefrom some good;
Some little grace; one kindly thought;
One aspiration yet unfelt;
One bit of courage
For the darkening sky;
One gleam of faith
To brave the thickening ills of life;
One glimpse of brighter skies —
To make this life worth while
And heaven a surer heritage.*

— George Eliot

91. EXPERIENCE

I learn as the years roll onward
And leave the past behind,
That much I have counted sorrow
But proves our God is kind,
That many a flower I longed for
Had a hidden thorn of pain,
And many a rugged bypath
Led to fields of ripened grain.

The clouds that cover the sunshine
They cannot banish the sun,
And the earth shines out the brighter
When the weary rain is done.
We must stand in the deepest shadow
To see the clearest light;
And often from wrong's own darkness
Comes the weary strength of right.

We must live through the weary winter
If we would value the spring.
And the woods must be cold and silent,
Before the robins sing.
The flowers must be buried in darkness
Before they can bud and bloom,
And the sweetest and warmest sunshine
Comes after the storm and gloom.

So the heart from the hardest trial gains
The purest joy of all,
And from the lips that have tasted sadness
The sweetest songs will fall,
For as peace comes after suffering,
And love is reward of pain.
So after earth comes heaven,
And out of our loss the gain.

— Anonymous

92. FAITH

*O never star
Was lost; here
We all aspire to heaven and there is heaven
Above us.
If I stoop
Into a dark tremulous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendor soon or late
Will pierce the gloom. I shall emerge some day.*

— Robert Browning

93. TRUST

I know not what the future holds,
Of good or ill for me and mine;

I only know that God enfolds
Me in his loving arms divine.
So I shall walk the earth in trust
That He who notes the sparrow's fall
Will help me bear whate'er I must
And lend an ear where'er I call.

It matters not if dreams dissolve
Like mists beneath the morning sun,
For swiftly as the worlds revolve
So swiftly will life's race be run.

It matters not if hopes depart,
Or life be pressed with toil and care.
If love divine shall fill my heart
And all be sanctified with prayer.

Then let me learn submission sweet
In every thought, in each desire,
And humbly lay at his dear feet
A heart aglow with heavenly fire.

— Anonymous

94. TRUSTING GOD

*Whoever plants a leaf beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.*

*Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by,"
He trusts in God.*

*Whoever sees 'neath the winter's field of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.*

*Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.*

— *Anonymous*

95. THE FAMILY

The family is like a book —
The children are the leaves,
The parents are the covers
That protecting beauty gives.

At first the pages of the book
Are blank and purely fair,
But Time soon writeth memories
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust;
Oh, break it not, lest all the leaves
Should scatter and be lost.

— *Anonymous*

96. HOME IS WHERE THERE'S ONE TO LOVE US

*Home's not merely four square walls,
Though where pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where Affection calls,
Filled with shrines the Heart hath builded!
Home! — go watch the faithful dove,*

*Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love!
Home is where there's one to love us!*

*Home's not merely roof and room —
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet — and only sweet —
Where there's one we love to meet us!*

— Charles Swain

97. HOW DO I LOVE THEE?

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints, — I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

— Elizabeth Barrett Browning

98. MOTHER

*Your hair has faded, mother dear,
From gold to silvery gray,
Yet, in your eyes, that little spark
Of love, I see today.*

*It means that you are proud of me;
You're glad for what you've done;
And in your heart I never see
A shame for me, your son.*

*Oh, I remember very well
When first I learned to pray,
Each night beside my little bed
You taught me how to say —*

*God bless my mother that she may
Protect and care for me,
And guide me right with truth each day
An honest man to be.*

*The days flew by; the years came on.
You led me all the while and
Through the trials that break with dawn
You held me with your smile.*

*The waves were strong that tempted me
To plunder wrongly
But with your love I could not go
Adrift far out to sea.*

*The darker ways that beckoned me
To lie, to steal, to cheat,
I might have gone, could you not see
My life lay at your feet.*

*And all through life you toiled away
And struggled just for me
To make me what I am today,
And what I'm proud to be.*

*Then God, it seems, has answered them,
Those prayers we used to say,
And in my heart that mighty theme
An honest man will stay.*

*And when alone at times, dear heart
You ponder o'er the past
And wonder will I think of you
As long as life shall last —*

*Remember that I love you still.
You linger ever near,
And in my heart and soul I pray
God bless you, mother dear.*

— *Anonymous*

99. THE NOBLEST THOUGHTS

The noblest thoughts my soul can claim,
The holiest words my tongue can frame,
Unworthy are to praise the name,
More sacred than all other.

An infant when her love first came;
A man, I find it just the same;
Reverently I breathe her name —
The blessed name of "Mother."

— *Anonymous*

100. ABOU BEN ADHEM

*Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed;
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!*

— *Leigh Hunt*

101. FRIENDS OLD AND NEW

Make new friends, but keep the old, —
Those are silver, these are gold;
New-made friendships, like new wine,
Age will mellow and refine.

Friendships that have stood the test —
Time and change — are surely best;
Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,
Friendship never knows decay.

For 'mid old friends, tried and true,
Once more we our youth renew;
But old friends, alas, may die,
New friends must their place supply.

Cherish Friendship in your breast;
New is good, but old is best;
Make new friends, but keep the old, —
Those are silver, these are gold.

— Anonymous

102. FRIENDSHIP

*Oh, the comfort — the inexperienced comfort of feeling safe
with a person,
Having neither to weigh thoughts,
Nor measure words — but pouring them
All right out — just as they are —
Chaff and grain together —
Certain that a faithful hand will
Take and sift them —
Keep what is worth keeping —
And with the breath of kindness
Blow the rest away.*

—Dinah M. M. Craik

103. GOD'S PLAN

What made us friends in the long ago
When we first met?
Well I think I know;
The best in me and the best in you
Hailed each other because they knew
That always and always since life began
Our being friends was part of God's plan.

— Anonymous

104. I CAN LOVE THEM

*How many million friends there are whose lot
Keeps them outside my path for life's short while!
But through the distance and the dark I smile
For I can love them, — though I see them not.*

— Anonymous

105. NO MAN IS AN ISLAND

No man is an island;
No man stands alone.
Each man's joy is a joy to me;
Each man's grief is my own.

We need one another,
So I will defend
Each man as my brother;
Each man as my friend.

I saw the people gather,
I heard the music start.
The song that they were singing
Is still ringing in my heart.

No man is an island;
No man stands alone.
Each man's joy is a joy to me;
Each man's grief is my own.

We need one another,
So I will defend
Each man as my brother;
Each man as my friend.

— John Donne

106. SOMEBODY

*Sombody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, "Tis sweet to live";*

*Somebody said "I'm glad to give";
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right;
Was that "somebody" you?*

— *Anonymous*

107. THAT'S WHAT I CALL A FRIEND

One whose grip is a little tighter,
One whose smile is a little brighter,
One whose deeds are a little whiter,
That's what I call a friend.

One who'll lend as quick as he'll borrow,
One who's the same today and tomorrow,
One who will share your joy — and sorrow,
That's what I call a friend.

One whose thoughts are a little cleaner,
One whose mind is a little keener,
One who avoids those things that are meaner,
That's what I call a friend.

One when you're gone will miss you sadly,
One who'll welcome you back again gladly,
One who, though angered, will not speak madly,
That's what I call a friend.

One who is always willing to aid you,
One whose advice has always paid you,
One who's defended when others flayed you,
That's what I call a friend.

One who's been fine when life seemed rotten,
One whose ideals you have not forgotten,
One who has given you more than he's gotten,
That's what I call a friend.

— *John Burroughs*

108. GIVE

*The sun gives ever; so the earth —
What it can give so much 'tis worth;
The ocean gives in many ways —
Gives baths, gives fishes, rivers, bays;
So, too, the air, it gives us breath.
When it stops giving, comes in death.*

*Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not is not living;
The more you give
The more you live.*

*God's love hath in us wealth unheaped
Only by giving it is reaped;
The body withers, and the mind
Is pent up by a selfish rind.
Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give self,
Give love, give tears, and give thyself.*

*Give, give, be always giving,
Who gives not is not living;
The more we give
The more we live.*

— *Anonymous*

109. GIVING

"Go spread to the needy, sweet charity bread,
For giving is living," the angel said;
"O must I be giving again and again?"
My peevish and wilful answer ran.
"Oh, no," said the angel, piercing me through,
"Just give till the Lord stops giving to you."

— *Anonymous*

110. MY GIFT

*What can I give Him
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd,
I would give Him a lamb,
If I were a Wise Man,
I would do my part,—
But what can I give Him,
Give my heart.*

— Christina G. Rossetti

111. GOD IS NIGH!

Day is done, gone the sun
From the lake, from the hills, from the sky.
Safely rest, all is well! God is nigh.

— Anonymous

112. GOD'S WAYS

*I asked for grace to lift me high
Above the world's depressing cares;
God sent me sorrows,— with a sigh
I said, "He has not heard my prayers."*

*I asked for light, that I might see
My path along life's thorny road;
But clouds and darkness shadowed me
When I expected light from God.*

*I asked for peace, that I might rest
To think my sacred duties o'er,
When, lo! such horrors filled my breast
As I had never felt before.*

*"And, oh," I cried, "can this be prayer
Whose plaints the steadfast mountains move?
Can this be Heaven's prevailing care?
And, O my God, is this Thy love?"*

*But soon I found that sorrow, worn
As Duty's garment, strength supplies,
And out of darkness meekly borne
Unto the righteous light doth rise.*

*And soon I found that fears which stirred
My startled soul God's will to do,
On me more lasting peace conferred
Than in life's calm I ever knew . . .*

— Anonymous

113. IN EVERY STEP THE STAMP OF GOD

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep
Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from Nature's sleep,
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.
For who but He could arch the skies,
And pour the day-spring's living food,
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
Could raise the daisy's crimson bud,
And fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see
In every step the stamp of God.

— Anonymous

114. WHOSO DRAWS NIGH TO GOD

*Whoso draws nigh to God one step through doubtings dim,
God will advance a mile in blazing light to him.*

—Anonymous

115. THE ANVIL OF GOD'S WORD

Last eve I paused beside a blacksmith's door
And heard the anvil ring the vesper's chime;
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had?" said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers, so?"
"Just one," said he; then said, with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's word
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, though the noise of falling blows was heard
The anvil is unharmed — the hammers, gone.

—Anonymous

116. THE VOICE OF GOD IS HEARD AGAIN

*The voice of God again is heard,
The silence has been broken,
The curse of darkness is withdrawn,
The Lord from heav'n hath spoken.*

*Rejoice ye living and ye dead!
Rejoice, for your salvation*

*Begins anew this happy morn
Of final dispensation.*

*O messengers of truth, go forth,
Proclaim the gospel story,
Go forth the nations to prepare,
To greet the King of Glory.*

*Shout we hosanna, shout again,
Till all creations blending
Shall join in one great grand amen
Of anthems never ending.*

—Evan Stephens

117. FORGET IT

If you see a tall fellow ahead of the crowd,
A leader of music, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded and kept from the day
In the dark; whose showing, whose sudden display
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a spot in the life of a friend
(We all have spots concealed, world without end)
Whose touching his heartstrings would sadden or rend,
Till the shame of its showing no grieving could mend,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,

That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy
 A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
 It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

— Anonymous

118. HEARSAY

*In every town, in every street,
 In nearly every house you meet
 A little imp, who wriggles in,
 With half a sneer and half a grin,
 And climbs upon your rocking chair
 Or creeps upon you anywhere;
 And when he gets you very near,
 Just whispers something in your ear,
 Some rumor or another's shame,
 And little 'Hearsay' is his name.*

*He never really claims to know;
 He's only heard that it is so;
 And then he whispers it to you,
 So you will go and whisper too.
 For if enough is passed along,
 The rumor even though it's wrong,
 If John tells Henry; Henry, Flo;
 And Flo tells Mildred, and Mildred, Ruth;
 It very soon may pass for truth.*

*You understand this little elf;
 He doesn't say he knows himself;
 He doesn't claim it's really true;
 He only whispers it to you
 Because he knows you'll go and tell
 Some other whisperers as well;
 And so before the setting sun*

*He gets the devil's mischief done,
 And there is less of joy and good,
 Around your little neighborhood.*

*Look out for 'hearsay' when he sneaks
 Inside the house when Slander speaks,
 Just ask the proof in every case;
 Just ask the name, the date, the place;
 And if he says he only heard,
 Declare you don't believe a word
 And tell him that you'll not repeat
 The silly chatter of the street.
 However gossips smile and smirk,
 Refuse to do the devil's work!*

— Anonymous

119. RUMOR

The flying rumor gathered as it rolled,
 And all who told it added something new,
 And all who heard it made enlargement too;
 In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.

— Alexander Pope

120. BREAKING BAD HABITS

*How shall I a habit break?
 As you did that habit make;
 As you gathered you must loose;
 As you yielded, now refuse.
 Thread by thread the strands we twist
 Till they bind us neck and wrist;
 Thread by thread the patient hand*

*Must untwine ere free we stand;
As we build stone by stone,
We must toil, unhelped, alone,
Till the well is overthrown.*

— J. B. O'Reilly

121. CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor voice; Who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

— This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

— Sir Henry Wotton

122. A HAPPY DAY

*A heart full of thankfulness,
A thimbleful of care;
A soul of simple hopefulness,
An early morning prayer.*

*A smile to greet the morning with;
A kind word as the key
To open the door and greet the day,
What'er it brings to thee.*

*A patient trust in Providence,
To sweeten all the way,
All these, combined with thoughtfulness,
Will make a happy day.*

— Anonymous

123. LAUGHTER IS LIKE SUNSHINE

A laugh is just like sunshine,
It freshens all the day,
It tips the peak of life when light,
And drives the clouds away;
The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong;
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along.

A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard,
The ills of life depart;
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet;

A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet.

— Anonymous

124. HEAVEN

Think of —

*Stepping on shore, and finding it Heaven!
Of taking hold of a hand, and finding it God's hand.
Of breathing a new air, and finding it celestial air.
Of feeling invigorated, and finding it immortality.
Of passing from storm and tempest to an unbroken calm.
Of waking up, and finding it Home.*

— Anonymous

125. I'M GLAD I TOUCHED SHOULDERS WITH YOU

There's a comforting thought at the close of day,
When I am weary and lonely and sad,
That sort of grips hold of my crusty old heart,
And bids it be merry and glad.
It gets in my soul and it drives out the blues,
And finally thrills through and through.
It is just a sweet memory that chants the refrain:
"I'm glad I touched shoulders with you!"
Did you know you were brave, did you know you were strong?
Did you know that you helped when I erred?
Did you know there was one leaning hard?
Did you know that I waited and listened and prayed?
And was cheered by your simplest word?
Did you know that I longed for the smile on your face,
For the sound of your voice ringing true?
Did you know that I grew stronger and better because
I had merely touched shoulders with you?

I am glad that I live, that I battle and strive
For the place that I know I must fill;
I am thankful for sorrows, I'll meet with a grin
What fortunes may send, good or ill.
I may not have wealth, I may not be great,
But I know I shall always be true,
For I have in my life that courage you gave,
When once I touched shoulders with you.

— Anonymous

126. IN SINGLENESS OF HEART

*Let us then labor for an inward stillness,
An inward stillness and an inward healing,
That perfect silence where the lips and heart
Are still, and we no longer entertain
Our own imperfect thought and vain opinions,
But God alone speaks in us, and we wait
In singleness of heart, that we may know
His will, and in the silence of our spirits,
That we may do His will, and do that only!*

— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

127. INSPIRATION

When the sun of inspiration
Sheds its light upon the soul,
And the thoughts of its creation
Into burning language roll,
Then the song will always gladden
Hearts that burn with good desires,
But it seldom fails to madden
Hearts that glow with sinful fires.

When the voice of inspiration
Bids a humble mortal speak
'Tis the great God of creation
(Tho' the medium is weak)
Speaking through that humble mortal,
Giving counsel to the world,
Opening wide the only portal
Where salvation's flag's unfurled.

Thus it is the meek and lowly
Oft confound the great and wise;
Thus it is the pure and holy
Draw down wisdom from the skies;
Thus it is they do not falter
When the clouds of darkness lower;
All is lain upon the altar
For the truth that they adore.

'Tis the sun of inspiration
That illumines this mortal vale;
When it sets the world's creation
Sinks where darkness doth prevail.
And no torch was ever lighted
That could drive the gloom away,
Which falls on a world benighted,
When that sun sheds forth no ray.

Its light shines within the spirit
That is innocent and pure;
And we list in vain to hear it
Murmur, for it can endure
All the hardships known to mortals
And will smile while others weep,
As it enters through the portals
Where its body falls asleep.

As the dew-drop cheers the flower
So it cheers the drooping soul,
And in trials darkest hour
It illumines the spirit's goal,
When the sun of inspiration
Sheds its warm, celestial light
There is nothing in creation
That does not seem fair and bright.

— Alfred Osmond

128. ALONE WITH MY CONSCIENCE

*I sat alone with my conscience
In a place where time had ceased,
And we talked of my former living
In the lands where the years increased,
And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And face and answer the questions
Through all eternity.*

*The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might.
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face,
Along with my conscience sitting
In that solemn place.*

*And I thought of a far-away warning,
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now is the present time.
And I thought of my former thinking*

*Of the judgement day to be,
But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgement enough to me.
And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave;
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save.
Then I felt the present would never go by,
For it was the thought of my past life
Growing into eternity.*

*Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision passed away,
And I knew that the far-off seeming
Was a warning of yesterday;
And I pray that I may not forget it,
In this land before the grave
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.*

*And so I have learned a lesson
Which I ought to have known before,
And which, though I learned it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience
In the place where the years increase,
And try to remember the future,
In the land where time will cease.*

*And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful so'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgement enough for me.*

— *Anonymous*

129. JUDGE NOT

*Believe not e'en the half of what you hear,
For oft a falsehood may a truth appear;
Nor speak the half of what you think is true —
We haste regret, but seldom silence rue.*

— *Orson F. Whitney*

130. EXPECTING AND KNOWING

*Faith, Hope and Love were questioned what they thought
Of future glory which religion taught;
Now faith believed it to be firmly true,
And Hope expected so to find it too;
Love answered, smiling with unconscious glow,
“Believe? expect? I know it to be so.”*

— *John Wesley*

131. KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM

*Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge — a rude, unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place—
Does but remember whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.*

— *William Cowper*

132. THE HELPFULNESS OF LITTLE THINGS

*Only a little shriveled seed —
It might be a flower or grass or weed;
Only a box of earth on the edge
Of a narrow, dusty window-ledge;
Only a few scant summer showers;
Only a few clear, shining hours.
That was all. Yet God could make
Out of these, for a sick child's sake,
A blossom-wonder as fair and sweet
As ever broke at an angel's feet.*

*Only a life of barren pain,
Wet with sorrowful tears for rain;
Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam
Of joy that seemed but a happy dream.
A life as common and brown and bare
As the box of earth in the window there;
Yet it bore at last the precious bloom
Of a perfect soul in a narrow room —
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold
Over the flower's heart of gold.*

— Henry Van Dyke

133. BREATHES THERE A MAN

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;

High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim:
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly, dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

— Sir Walter Scott

134. THE CARPENTER OF NAZARETH

*In Nazareth, the narrow road,
That tires the feet and steals the breath
Passes the place where once abode
The Carpenter of Nazareth.*

*And up and down the dusty way
The village folk would often wend;
And on the bench, beside Him, lay
Their broken things for Him to mend.*

*The maiden with the doll she broke,
The woman with the broken chair,
The man with broken plough, or yoke,
Said, "Can you mend it, Carpenter?"*

*And each received the thing he sought,
In yoke, or plough, or chair, or doll;
The broken thing which each had brought
Returned again a perfect whole.*

*So, up the hill the long years through,
With heavy step and wistful eye,
The burdened souls their way pursue,
Uttering each the plaintive cry:*

*"O Carpenter of Nazareth,
This heart, that's broken past repair,
This life, that's shattered nigh to death,
Oh, can You mend them, Carpenter?"*

*And by His kind and ready hand,
His own sweet life is woven through
Our broken lives, until they stand
A New Creation — "all things new."*

*"The shattered idols of my heart,
Desire, ambition, hope, and faith,
Mould Thou into the perfect part,
O Carpenter of Nazareth!"*

— George Blair

135. DAILY STRENGTH

Day by day the manna fell;
O to learn this lesson well;
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

"Day by day, the promise reads;
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast forboding fears away;
Take the manna of today.

Lord, my times are in thy hand.
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make my purpose thine.

Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee I live;

So shall added years fulfill
Not my own — my Father's will.

Fond ambition, whisper not;
Happy is my humble lot;
Anxious, busy cares away;
I'm provided for today.

O to live exempt from care
By the energy of prayer;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude.

— Josiah Conder

136. GETTING THE MOST OUT OF LIFE

*He lives the most whose eyes perceive
The beauty hid in every zone,
Whose faith can pierce all distances,
And make the things unseen his own.*

*He lives the most whose senses keen
Have felt the pang of every wo,
Who knows by sad experiences
The tests which mortals undergo.*

*He lives the most whose soul responds
To all that's good, to every need,
Whose willing hands and tireless feet
Are swift to do each Christlike deed.*

*He lives the most whose heart of love
O'erflows its banks on every side,
Who, like his Master, gives himself,
And casts his bread upon the tide.*

— H. W. Howard

137. from GUINEVERE

I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
 To reverence the King, as if he were
 Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
 To break the heathen and uphold the Christ
 To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
 To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
 To honor his own word as if his God's,
 To lead sweet lives of purest chastity,
 To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
 And worship her by years of noble deeds,
 Until they won her; for indeed I knew
 Of no more subtle master under heaven
 Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
 Not only to keep down the base in man,
 But teach high thought, and amiable words
 And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
 And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

— Alfred Lord Tennyson

138. HORSE SENSE

*A horse can't pull while kicking,
 This fact I merely mention,
 And he can't kick while pulling,
 Which is my chief contention.*

*Let's imitate the good old horse
 And lead a life's that's fighting;
 Just pull an honest load, and then
 There'll be no time for kicking.*

— Anonymous

139. THE LIFE THAT COUNTS

The life that counts must toil and fight;
 Must hate the wrong and love the right;
 Must stand for truth, by day, by night —
 This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must helpful be;
 The cares and needs of others see;
 Must seek the slaves of sin to free —
 This is the life that counts.

— *Anonymous*

140. LIFE'S LESSON

*Wouldst thou learn from life a lesson,
 Learned but slowly and by few?
 Wouldst thou know from death's dominion,
 How to win the Ever-new?
 Then thy soul prepare for trial,
 Bare thy shoulder to the rod,
 School thy mind for self-denial,
 Learn to love the Lord thy God.*

*Build no shrine to earthly idol,
 Lest there come a shattering day,
 Leveling to the dust thine altars,
 Driving all thy hopes away.
 Pleasure's tree may tempt thee sorely,
 Golden apples grace the sod,
 Touch them not — they turn to ashes —
 Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.*

*I have gazed on beauteous woman
 With a fond, adoring eye;
 I have stood where mammon's altars
 Rolled their incense toward the sky;*

*I have quaffed the wine of pleasure,
Heard the winsome notes of fame,
Armed with nature's gift and heaven's,
Fought and toiled for honored name.*

*I have seen proud mammon's towers
Dashed to atoms by a breath;
I have lived to see the setting
Of the sun of love in death;
I have drunk the dregs of sorrow,
I have kissed the chastening rod,
I have learned, if name be lasting,
I must love the Lord my God.*

*What is wealth that man should worship
Dust from whence his vileness came?
More than help-meet, lovely woman —
Source and destiny the same?
What is earth with all its glory?
Earth shall answer "Ichabod!"
Seek that kingdom all-including;
Worship One — the Lord thy God.*

— Orson F. Whitney

141. LOST DAYS

The lost days of my life until today,
What were they, could I see them on the street
Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
Sown once for food, but trodden into clay?
Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?
Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
The undying throats of Hell, athirst alway?
I do not see them here; but after death
God knows I know the faces I shall see,

Each one a murdered self, with low last breath:
"I am thyself, — what hast thou done to me?"
"And I — and I — thyself" (lo! each one saith),
"And thou thyself to all eternity!"

— Dante Gabriel Rossetti

142. MORAL COSMETICS

*Ye who would have your features florid,
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,
From age's devastation horrid,
Adopt this plan —
'Twill make, in climate cold or torrid,
A hale old man:*

*Avoid in youth luxurious diet;
Restrain the passion's lawless riot;
Devoted to domestic quiet,
Be wisely gay;
So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,
Resist decay.*

*Seek not in Mammon's worship pleasure,
But find your richest, dearest treasure
In God, his word, his work; not leisure.
The mind, not sense,
Is the sole scale by which to measure
Your opulence.*

*This is the solace, this the science,
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,
That disappoints not man's reliance,
Whate'er his state;
But challenges, with calm defiance,
Time, fortune, fate.*

— Horace Smith

143. NO TIME FOR GOD

No time for God,
What fools we are;
To clutter up our lives,
With common things,
And leave without the Lord of life,
And life itself.

No time for God, as well to say
No time to eat, to sleep, to live, to die
Take time for God.
Or a poor misshapen thing you'll be,
To step into eternity
And say to him,
I had no time for thee.

— *Anonymous*

144. THE PATH TO GLORY

*That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank;
Creation's blot; creation's blank!*

*But he who marks from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way
Treads the same path his Savior trod:
The path to glory and to God.*

— *Anonymous*

145. A PSALM OF LIFE

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, — act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

146. STARTING FROM PAUMANOK

I say the whole earth and all the stars in the sky are for religion's sake.

*I say no man has ever yet been half devout enough,
None has ever yet adored or worship'd half enough,
None has begun to think how divine he himself is, and
how certain the future is.*

*I can say that the real and permanent grandeur of these
States must be their religion,*

*Otherwise there is no real and permanent grandeur;
(Nor character nor life worthy the name without religion,
Nor land nor man nor woman without religion.)*

— Walt Whitman

147. THEY ONLY LIVE WHO DARE

Stand upright! speak thy thoughts! declare
The truth thou hast, that all may share!
Be bold! proclaim it everywhere!
They only live who dare.

— Lewis Morris

148. THIS WORLD

*This world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it;
Though whether good or whether bad,
Depends on how you take it.
For if we scold and fret all day
From dewy morn till even,
This world will ne'er offer to man
A foretaste here of heaven.*

*This world in truth's as good a world
As e'er was known to any
Who have not seen another yet,
And there are very many;
And if the men, and women, too,
Have plenty of employment,
Those surely must be hard to please
Who cannot find enjoyment.*

*This world is quite a clever world,
In rain or pleasant weather,
If people would but learn to live
In harmony together;
Nor seek to burst the kindly bond
By love and peace cemented,
And learn the best of lessons yet,
To always be contented.*

— Anonymous

149. THREE LESSONS

There are three lessons I would write —
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow —
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven —
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth —
Know this: God rules the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call;
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul —
Faith, Hope and Love — and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

— Friedrich von Schiller

150. WHAT IS LIFE?

*There are who deem life's lingering durance
Designed for freedom and delight;
Its clanking fetters claim as music,
Its darkness worship as 'twere light.*

*Nor mindful still of loftier purpose,
Vain pleasure's winged flight pursue;
Their dream: "Today; there comes no morrow" —
That tinkling lie with sound so true.*

*Was such the charm whose soft alluring
Drew spirits bright from heavenly bliss?
Did morning stars hymn loud hosannas
O'er false and fatal theme like this?*

*Speak thou, my soul, that once did mingle
Where souls were never doomed to die;
Would worlds on worlds like this have won thee
From glorious realms yet glittering high.*

*Where Father, Mother, friends, forsaken
Till time their hundred-fold restore,
Await to hail thy welcome coming
When time and trial are no more?*

*Self-exiled from yon realms supernal,
Obedient to Omniscient rule,
Hiedst here to chase life's fleeting phantoms,
A truant in Time's precious school?*

*Son of a God, 'mid scenes celestial,
Fellst thou from freedom to be free?
Or, hoping rise of endless raptures,
For time renounced Eternity?*

*O blindness dense, delusion mortal!
Where darkness reigns disguised as day,
Where prison seems but sportive playground,
And spendthrifts waste life's pearls away!*

*Be this their bourn that seek no brighter,
Whom naught save worldly pleasures please;
Graves are the goal of earthly glory,
But man was meant for none of these.*

*Call earth thy home, clasp thou its shadows,
Till here thy little day be done;
My home is where the starry kingdoms
Roll round the Kingdom of the Sun!*

*I came not forth in quest of freedom,
To shrink from peril or from pain;
To learn from death life's deepest lessons,
I sank to rise, I serve to reign.*

*'Tis contrast sways unceasing sceptre
O'er vast appreciation's realm,
E'en Gods, through sacrifice descending,
Triumphant rise to overwhelm.*

*Thus fetters teach the force of freedom,
Thus sickness, joys of future health,
Thus folly's fate proves wisdom's warning,
Thus poverty prepares for wealth.*

*Souls to whom life unfolds its meaning,
Ne'er hope full happiness on earth,
But patient bide that brighter morrow
Which brings again celestial birth.*

— Orson F. Whitney

151. GO YE MESSENGERS OF GLORY

Go, ye messengers of glory;
Run, ye legates of the skies;
Go and tell the pleasing story
That a glorious angel flies;
Great and mighty,
With a message from the skies.

Go to every tribe and nation;
Visit every land and clime;
Sound to all the proclamation;
Tell to all the truth sublime:
That the gospel,
Does in ancient glory shine.

Go, to all the gospel carry;
Let the joyful news abound;
Go till every nation hear you,
Jew and Gentile greet the sound.
Let the gospel,
Echo all the earth around.

Bearing seed of heavenly virtue,
Scatter it o'er all the earth;
Go — Jehovah will support you,
Gather all the sheaves of worth.
Then, with Jesus,
Reign in glory on the earth.

— John Taylor

152. GOLD

*Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled,
Heavy to get and hard to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mold;
Price of many a crime untold.*

— Thomas Hood

153. BE NOT AFRAID TO PRAY

Be not afraid to pray — to pray is right.
 Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
 Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay;
 Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
 Far is the time, remote from human sight,
 When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
 Yet every prayer for universal peace
 Avails the blessed time to expedite.
 Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
 Though it be what thou canst not hope to see;
 Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
 Forbid the spirit so on earth to be:
 But if for any wish thou darest not to pray,
 Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

— Hartley Coleridge

154. HIS ANSWER

*He prayed for strength that he might achieve;
 He was made weak that he might obey.
 He prayed for wealth that he might do greater things;
 He was given infirmity that he might do better things.
 He prayed for riches that he might be happy;
 He was given poverty that he might be wise.
 He prayed for power that he might have the praise of men;
 He was given infirmity that he might feel the need of God.
 He prayed for all things that he might enjoy life;
 He was given life that he might enjoy all things.
 He had received nothing that he asked for — all that he hoped for;
 His prayer was answered — he was most blessed.*

— Anonymous

155. I KNELT TO PRAY

I knelt to pray as day began
 And prayed, "O God, bless every man!
 Lift from each weary heart some pain
 And let the sick be well again."

And then I rose to meet the day
 And thoughtlessly went on my way;
 I didn't try to dry a tear
 Or take the time a grief to hear.

I took no steps to ease the load
 Of hard-pressed travelers on the road.
 I didn't even go to see
 The sick friend who lived next door to me.

But then again when day was done
 I prayed, "O God, bless everyone."
 But as I prayed, a voice rang clear
 Instructing me to think and hear.

Consult your own heart e'er you pray
 What good have you performed today?
 God's choicest blessings are bestowed
 On those who help Him bear the load.

And then I hid my face and cried,
 "Forgive me, Lord, for I have lied.
 Let me but live another day,
 And I will live it as I pray."

— Anonymous

156. THE POET'S PRAYER

*If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee;
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ,
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.*

— John Greenleaf Whittier

157. A PRAYER

Dear Lord, in the battle that goes on through life,
I ask but a field that is fair;
A chance that is equal with all in the strife,
And courage to strive and to dare.
And if I should win, let it be by the code,
With my faith and my honor held high;
And if I should lose, let me stand by the road
And cheer as the winner goes by.

— Anonymous

158. A PRAYER

*O that mine eyes might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;*

*That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived within my breast;
That by each deed and word and thought
Glory may to my God be brought.
But what are wishes! Lord, mine eye
On Thee is fixed; to Thee I cry!
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it, too,
For that is more than I can do.*

— Thomas Elwood

159. A PRAYER

Thou great and Holy One, all powerful, all wise
Sitting upon Thy throne, amid celestial skies!
Look down for sake of him who died on Calvary's tree,
Harken to the prayer ascending now to Thee.
Make us sweet and pure as He, the heavenly child,
The shepherd of the sheep who calls them from the wild.
Preserve Thy flock from harm, from hunger and from cold.
May no lamb of thine e'er wander from the fold.

Make firm our faltering feet in ways of righteousness,
Be thou our help in need, our comfort in distress;
Give us to see the truth, to walk within the light,
And tread the onward path that groweth ever bright.
Thou givest for a guide, Thy sinless Savior Son —
May we be one with Him as He and Thou art one;
To follow in His steps, as He doth follow Thee,
And in Thy presence stand through all eternity.

— Orson F. Whitney

160. PRAYER

*Lord, grant us eyes to see, and ears to hear,
And souls to love, and minds to understand,
And confidence of hope, and filial fear . . .*

*Lord, grant us what Thou wilt, and what Thou wilt
Deny, and fold us in Thy peaceful fold;
Not as the world gives, give to us Thine own;
Inbuild us where Jerusalem is built
With wall of jasper, and with streets of gold,
And thou, Thyself, Lord Christ, the corner-stone.*

— Christina G. Rossetti

161. PRAYER

More things are wrought by Prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is ever way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

— Alfred Lord Tennyson

162. A PRAYER

*Give me a good digestion, Lord,
And also something to digest;
Give me a healthy body, Lord
With sense to keep it at its best.*

*Give me a healthy mind, good Lord
To keep the good and pure in sight;
Which, seeing sin, is not appalled
But finds a way to set it right.*

*Give me a mind that is not bored,
That does not whimper, whine or sigh;
Don't let me worry overmuch,
About the fussy thing called "I."*

*Give me a sense of humor, Lord;
Give me the grace to see a joke;
To get some happiness from life,
And pass it on to other folk.*

— Anonymous

163. START EACH DAY WITH GOD

Every morning lean thine arms awhile
Upon the window sill of heaven
And gaze upon thy Lord.
Then, with vision in thy heart,
Turn strong to meet thy day.

— Anonymous

164. THE TIME FOR PRAYER

*When is the time for prayer?
With the first beams that light the morning sky,
Ere for the toils of day thou dost prepare,
Lift up thy thoughts on high;
Commend thy loved ones to his watchful care;
Morn is the time for prayer!*

*And in the noontide hour,
If worn by toil or by sad care oppressed,*

*Then unto God thy spirit's sorrows pour,
And he will give thee rest;
Thy voice shall reach him through the fields of air:
Noon is the time for prayer!*

*When the bright sun hath set,
Whilst yet eve's glowing colors deck the skies,
When with the loved, at home, again thou'st met,
Then let thy prayers arise
For those who in thy joys and sorrows share:
Eve is the time for prayer!*

*And when the stars come forth —
When to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given
And the deep stillness of the hour gives birth
To pure bright dreams of heaven —
Kneel to thy God; ask strength life's ills to bear:
Night is the time for prayer.*

*When is the time for prayer?
In every hour, while life is spared to thee —
In crowds or solitude — in joy or care —
Thy thoughts should heavenward flee.
At home — at morn and eve — with loved ones there,
Bend thou the knee in prayer!*

— *Anonymous*

165. from THE TASK

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own —
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,

And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture! — Is it like? — Like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again pronounce a text;
Cry — hem! and reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene!

— *William Cowper*

166. WHAT GOD HATH PROMISED

*God hath not promised
Skies always blue,
Flower-strewn pathways
All our lives through;
God hath not promised
Sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
Peace without pain.*

*But God hath promised
Strength for the day,
Rest for the labor,
Light for the way,
Grace for the trials,
Help from above,
Unfailing sympathy,
Undying love.*

— *Annie Johnson Flint*

167. YOU TELL ON YOURSELF

You tell on yourself by the friends you seek,
By the very manner in which you speak,

By the way you employ your leisure time,
 By the use you make of your dollar and dime;
 You tell what you are by the things you wear,
 By the spirit in which you bear burdens,
 By the kind of things at which you laugh,
 By the records you play on the phonograph.
 You tell what you are by the way you walk,
 By the things of which you delight to talk,
 By the manner in which you bear defeat,
 By so simple a thing as the way you eat.
 By the books you choose from the well-filled shelf;
 So there's really no particle of sense
 In an effort to keep up false pretense.

— Anonymous

168. THE FORKS OF THE ROAD

*Oh, could I go back to the forks of the road —
 Back over the long miles I have carried the load;
 Back to the place where I had to decide,
 By this sign or that my footsteps to guide.*

*Back to the sorrow, back to the care,
 Back to the place where the future was fair.
 Oh, were I there now, decision to make,
 My Father in heaven, which road would I take?*

*Oh, could I go back to the forks of the road
 With the wisdom I've gathered in bearing this load,
 A different decision, dear God, would I make,
 And the path of the righteous my footsteps should take.*

*The broad road of pleasure no glory hath won,
 It hath brought me to anguish — my whole life undone.
 And now, at the end, ah, 'tis wretched and drear!
 My heart is nigh breaking, I tremble with fear.*

*The road is so tangled with briar and thorn,
 To find the way back I'm ever O'erworn;
 Deep-sunk in despair I'm 'wildered and lost
 Of choosing the wrong road, how bitter the cost!*

*If God in his mercy would show me the way
 To return, to return, to the light of youth's day,
 My road I would choose by the sign of the Word —
 With Jesus my Leader, my Way, and my Lord.*

— Clara Keniston

169. FRESH IMPULSE

Only a night from old to new!

Only a night, and so much wrought!

The Old Year's heart all weary grew

But said, "The New Year rest has brought."

The Old Year's heart its hopes laid down

As in a grave, but trusting said,

"The blossoms of the New Year's crown

Bloom from the ashes of the dead."

The Old Year's heart was full of greed;

With selfishness it longed and ached,

And cried: "I have not half I need,

My thirst is bitter and unslaked.

But to the New Year's generous hand

All gifts in plenty shall return;

True loving it shall understand;

By all my failures it shall learn.

I have been reckless: it shall be

Quiet and calm and pure of life.

I was a slave: it shall go free,

And find sweet peace where I leave strife."

Only a night from old to new!

Never a night such changes brought.

The Old Year had its work to do;

No New Year miracles are wrought.

Always a night from old to new!
 Night and the healing balm of sleep!
 Each morn is New Year's morn come true,
 Morn of a festival to keep.
 All nights are sacred nights to make
 Confessions and resolve and prayer;
 All days are sacred days to wake
 New gladness in the sunny air.
 Only a night from old to new;
 Only a sleep from night to morn.
 The new is but the old come true;
 Each sunrise sees a new year born.

— Helen Hunt Jackson

170. THE LOST SHEEP

*'Twas a sheep, not a lamb that strayed away,
 In the Parable Jesus told;
 A grown up sheep, that had gone astray
 From the ninety and nine in the fold.*

*Out on the hillside, out in the cold,
 'Twas a sheep the Good Shepherd sought
 And back to the flock, safe into the fold
 'Twas a sheep the Good Shepherd brought.*

*And why for the sheep should we earnestly long,
 And earnestly hope and pray?
 Because there is danger if they go wrong,
 They may lead the young lambs astray.*

*For the lambs will follow the sheep, you know,
 Wherever the sheep may stray;
 When the sheep go wrong, it will not be long
 Till the lambs are as wrong as they.*

*And so for the sheep we earnestly plead,
 For the sake of the lambs today;
 If the Lambs are lost, what a terrible cost
 Some sheep will have to pay.*

— Anonymous

171. MY SUN SETS TO RISE AGAIN

Have you found your life distasteful?
 My life did, and does, smack sweet.
 Was your youth of pleasure wasteful?
 Mine I saved, and hold complete.
 Do your joys with age diminish?
 When mine fail me, I'll complain.
 Must in death your daylight vanish?
 My sun sets to rise again.

— Robert Browning

172. THE NEW CHANCE

*Oh, every year hath its winter,
 And every year hath its rain —
 But a day is always coming
 When the birds go north again;*

*When new leaves swell in the forest,
 And grass springs green on the plain,
 And the alder's veins turn crimson —
 And the birds go north again.*

*Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
 And every heart hath its pain —
 But a day is always coming
 When the birds go north again.*

*'Tis the sweetest thing to remember
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over —
Why, the birds go north again.
— Ella Higginson*

*And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gate of heaven,
“Rejoice! I have found my sheep.”
And the angels echoed around the Throne
“Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own.”
— Elizabeth C. Clephane*

173. THERE WERE NINETY AND NINE

There were ninety and nine that safely lay,
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from that gate of gold.
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender shepherd's care.

“Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for Thee?”
But the shepherd made answer, “This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep.”

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,
Ere he found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

“Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountains' track?”
“They were shed for the one who has gone astray
Ere the shepherd could bring him back.”
“Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?”
“They are pierced tonight by many a thorn.”

174. REST

*Are you very weary? Rest a little bit.
In some quiet corner, fold your hands and sit.
Do not let the trials that have grieved you all the day
Haunt this quiet corner; drive them all away!
Let your heart grow empty of every thought unkind
That peace may hover round you, and joy may fill your mind.
Count up all your blessings, I'm sure they are not few,
That the dear Lord daily just bestows on you.
Soon you'll feel so rested, glad you stopped a bit,
In this quiet corner, to fold your hands and sit.*
— Anonymous

175. TRUE REST

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.

‘Tis the brook's motion
Clear without strife,
Fleeting to ocean,
After this life.

'Tis loving and serving,
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest.

—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

176. THE FOE WITHIN

*None but one can harm you,
None but yourself who are your greatest foe;
He that respects himself is safe from others:
He wears a coat of mail that none can pierce.*

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

177. FOR SELF-HELP

Master, I do not ask that Thou
With milk and wine my table spread,
So much, as for the will to plough
And sow my fields, and earn my bread;
Lest at Thy coming I be found
A useless cumberer of the ground.

I do not ask that Thou wilt bless
With gifts of heavenly sort my day,
So much, as that my hands may dress
The borders of my lowly way
With constant deeds of good and right,
Thereby reflecting heavenly light.

I do not ask that Thou shouldst lift
My feet to mountain-heights sublime,
So much, as for the heavenly gift

Of strength, with which myself can climb,
Making the power Thou madest mine
For using, by that use, divine.

I do not ask that there may flow
Glory about me from the skies;
The knowledge that doth knowledge know;
The wisdom that is not too wise
To see in all things good and fair,
Thy love attested, is my prayer.

—Alice Cary

178. from HAMLET

*This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.*

—William Shakespeare

179. LEAN ON THYSELF

Lean on thyself until thy strength is tried;
Then ask God's help; it will not be denied.
Use thine own sight to see the way to go;
When darkness falls ask God the path to show.
Think for thyself and reason out thy plan;
God has his work and thou hast thine.
Exert thy will and use for self-control;
God gave thee jurisdiction of thy soul.
All thine immortal powers bring into play;
Think, act, reason, and look and pray.

—Anonymous

180. LORD, I BELIEVE

*Lord, I believe
 Man is no little thing
 That, like a bird in spring,
 Comes fluttering to the Light of Life,
 And out into the darkness of long death.
 The Breath of God is in him,
 And his age-long strife
 With evil has a meaning and an end.
 Though twilight dim his vision be,
 Yet can he see Thy truth,
 And in the cool of evening Thou, his friend,
 Dost walk with him, and talk
 (Did not the Word take flesh?)
 Of the great destiny
 That awaits him and his race
 In days that are to be.
 By grace he can achieve great things,
 And, on the wings of strong desire,
 Mount upward ever, higher and higher,
 Until above the clouds of earth he stands
 And stares God in the face.*

— *Anonymous*

181. UNAWARES

They say the Master is coming
 To honor the town today,
 And none can tell at whose house or home
 The Master will choose to stay.
 And I thought while my heart beat wildly,
 What if he should come to mine?
 How would I strive to entertain
 And honor this Guest Divine?

And straight I turned to toiling,
 To make my house more neat;
 I swept and polished and garnished,
 And decked it with blossoms sweet,
 I was troubled for fear the Master
 Might come ere my task was done,
 And hastened and worked the faster
 And watched the hurrying sun.

But right in the midst of my duties
 A woman came to my door;
 She had come to tell me her sorrows,
 And my comfort and aid implore.
 And I said "I cannot listen,
 Nor help you any today;
 I have greater things to attend to,"
 And the pleader turned away.

But soon there came another —
 A cripple, thin, pale, and gray —
 And said, "O, let me stop and rest
 Awhile in your home, I pray.
 I have traveled far since morning,
 I am hungry, and faint and weak.
 My heart is full of misery,
 And comfort and help I seek."

And I said, "I am grieved and sorry
 But I cannot help you today;
 I look for the great and noble guest."
 And the cripple went away.
 The day wore onward swiftly
 And my task was nearly done,
 And a prayer was ever in my heart,
 That the Master to me might come.

And I thought I would spring to meet him,
 And serve him with utmost care,
 When a little child stood by me
 With a face so sweet and fair —
 Sweet, but with marks of tear drops
 And his clothes were tattered and old;
 A finger was bruised and bleeding,
 And his little bare feet were cold.

And I said, "I'm sorry for you,
 You are sorely in need of care;
 But I cannot stop and give it,
 You must hasten on elsewhere."
 And at the words a shadow
 Swept o'er his blue-veined brow —
 "Someone will feed and clothe you, dear,
 But I am too busy now."

At last the day was ended
 And my toil was over and done
 My house was swept and garnished,
 And I watched in the darkness alone;
 Watched, but no footsteps sounded,
 No one e'er paused at the gate,
 No one entered my cottage door,
 I could only pause and wait.

I waited until night had deepened,
 And the Master had not come;
 "He has entered some other door," I cried,
 "And gladdened some other home,
 My labor has been for nothing."
 And I bowed my head and I wept,
 My heart was sore with longing,
 Yet in spite of all I slept.

Then the Master stood before me.
 His face was grave and fair;
 "Three times today I came to your door,
 And craved your pity and care;
 Three times you sent me onward,
 Unhelped and uncomforted,
 And the blessings you might have had are lost,
 And your chance to serve has fled."

"Oh, Lord, dear Lord, forgive me
 How could I know it was Thee?"
 My very soul was shamed and bowed
 In the depths of humility.
 And he said, "The sin is pardoned
 But the blessing is lost to thee;
 For comforting not the least of mine,
 You have failed to comfort me."

— *Anonymous*

182. SELF MASTERY

*What tho I conquer my enemies,
 And lay up store and pelf,
 I am conquerer poor indeed,
 Till I subdue myself.*

*What tho I read and learn by heart
 Whole books while I am young
 I am a linguist in disgrace,
 Who cannot guard my tongue.*

*What tho on campus I excell
 A champ in meet and fight,
 If trained, efficient still I can't
 Control an appetite.*

*What tho exceptions write my name
High on the honor-roll,
Electives, solids fail me if
I learn no self-control.*

*What tho I graduate and soar
And life is good to me,
My heart shall write me failure till
I learn SELF MASTERY.*

— *Anonymous*

183. ACCEPT THIS SERVICE THAT I DO

Lord of all pots and pans and things, since I've not time to be
A saint by doing lovely things or watching late with Thee,
Or dreaming in the dawn light or storming Heaven's gates,
Make me a saint by getting meals and washing up the plates.

Although I must have Martha's hands, I have a Mary mind
And when I black the boots and shoes, Thy sandals, Lord, I find.
I think of how they trod the earth, what time I scrub the floor;
Accept this meditation, Lord, I haven't time for more.

Warm all the kitchen with Thy love, and light it with Thy peace.
Forgive me all my worrying and make my grumbling cease.
Thou who didst love to give men food, in room or by the sea,
Accept this service that I do, I do it unto Thee.

— *Anonymous*

184. DARE I PASS BY?

*If I could see
A brother languishing in sore distress,
And if I should turn and leave him comfortless,*

*When I might be
A messenger of hope and happiness —
How could I ask to have that I denied
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?*

*If I might share
A brother's load along the dusty way,
And I should turn and walk alone that day,
How could I dare —
When in the evening watch I kneel to pray —
To ask for help to bear my pain and loss,
If I had heeded not my brother's cross?*

— *Anonymous*

185. GREATNESS

Who does his task from day to day
And meets whatever comes his way,
Believing God has willed it so,
Has found true greatness here below.

Who guards his post, no matter where
Believing God must need time there,
Although but lowly toil it be
Has risen to nobility.

For great and small there's but one test,
'Tis that each one shall do his best.
Who works with all the strength he can,
Shall live and die a nobler man.

— *Anonymous*

186. THE HIGHER LOYALTY

*Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.
Serve the king; and pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!*

— William Shakespeare

187. LEND A HAND

I am only one,
But still I am one.
I cannot do everything,
And because I cannot do everything
I will not refuse to do the something
that I can do.

— Edward Everett Hale

188. THE SWEETEST LIVES

*The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of unbroken thread
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The book of life the shining record tells.*

*The love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.*

— Elizabeth Barrett Browning

189. WITHIN THE BOX OF ALABASTER

She brought her box of alabaster;
The precious spikenard filled the room
With honor worthy of the Master,
A costly, rare, and rich perfume.

Her tears for sin fell hot and thickly
On his dear feet, outstretched and bare;
Unconscious how, she wiped them quickly
With the long ringlets of her hair.

And richly fall those raven tresses
Adown her cheek, like willow leaves,
As stooping still, with fond caresses,
She plies her task of love, and grieves.

Oh may we thus, like loving Mary,
Ever our choicest offerings bring,
Nor grudging of our toil, nor chary
Of costly service to our King.

Methinks I hear from Christian lowly
Some hallowed voice at evening rise,
Or quiet morn, or in the holy
Unclouded calm of Sabbath skies;

I bring my box of alabaster,
Of earthly loves I break the shrine,
And pour affections, purer, vaster,
On that dear head, those feet of thine.

The joys I prized, the hopes I cherished,
The fairest flowers my fancy wove,
Behold my fondest idols perished,
Receive the incense of my love!

What though the scornful world, deriding,
Such waste of love, of service, fears?
Still let me pour, through taunt and chiding,
The rich libation of my tears.

I bring my box of alabaster;
Accepted let the offerings rise!
So grateful tears shall flow the faster,
In founts of gladness from mine eyes!

— C. L. Ford

190. COUNSEL

*Though sin hath marked thy brother's brow
Love him in sin's despite,
But for his darkness, haply thou
Hadst never known the light.*

*Be thou an angel to his life,
And not a demon grim, —
Since with himself he is at strife,
O be at peace with him.*

*Speak gently of his evil ways
And all his pleas allow,
For since he knows not why he strays
From virtue, how shouldst thou?*

*Love him, through all thy love he slight,
For ah, thou canst not say
But that his prayerless days and nights
Have taught thee how to pray.*

*Outside themselves all things have laws,
The atom and the sun, —
Thou art thyself, perhaps, the cause
Of sins which he has done.*

*If guiltless thou, why surely then
Thy place is by his side, —
It was for sinners, not just men,
That Christ the Saviour died.*

— Alice Cary

191. FOR FORGIVENESS

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,
 Which was my sin, though it were done before?
 Wilt thou forgive that sin, through which I run
 And do run still, though still I do deplore?
 When Thou has done, Thou has not done;
 For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
 Others to sin, and made my sins their door?
 Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
 A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
 When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done;
 For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
 My last thread, I shall perish on the shore:
 But swear by thyself, that at my death Thy Son
 Shall shine as He shines now and heretofore;
 And, having done that, Thou has done;
 I fear no more.

— John Donne

192. KEEP EVIL OUT

*All the water in the world,
 However hard it tried
 Can never sink the smallest ship,
 Unless it gets inside.*

*And all the evil in the world,
 The blackest kind of sin;
 Can never hurt you the least bit,
 Unless you let it in.*

— Anonymous

193. THE STAIN

You can't paint black and not get black,
 No matter how hard you try,
 You may paint with care, but the stains are there,
 And stay when the paint is dry.

You can't fool around where the sinner's found,
 Make friends of the foolish kind,
 But it leaves some taint, like the mark of paint,
 On your heart or your soul or your mind.

You may say you can, and you may think you can,
 That you'll keep your own hands clean,
 But it leaves a mark that is deep and dark,
 A mark that you have not seen.

For sin is a thing that will always cling,
 Though you only meant to play;
 It will leave some stain on the heart or brain
 That is hard to wash away.

You can't paint black and not get black,
 You can't fool around with sin,
 It will leave its trace on the human face,
 Its mark on the soul within.

By the words you use and the friends you choose,
 You are made for the years to be;
 You may think they'll not, but they'll leave a blot,
 For the rest of the world to see.

— Anonymous

194. OUT OF MYSELF, DEAR LORD

*Out of myself, dear Lord,
O lift me up!*

*No more I trust myself in life's dim maze;
Sufficient to myself is all its devious ways.
I trust no more, but humbly at Thy throne
Pray, "Lead me, for I cannot go alone."*

*Out of my weary self
O lift me up!*

*I faint, the road winds upward all the way;
Each night but ends another weary day.
Give me Thy Strength, and may I be so blest
As on "the heights" to find the longed for rest?*

*Out of my lonely self,
O lift me up!*

*Though other hearts with love are running o'er;
Though dear ones fill my lonely home no more;
Though every day I miss the fond caress;
Help me to join in others' happiness.*

*Out of my doubting self,
O lift me up!*

*Help me to feel that Thou art always near;
E'en though 'tis night and all around seems drear,
Help me to know that, though I cannot see,
It is my Father's hand that leadeth me!*

— Joseph F. Smith

195. SORROW'S LESSON

"Tis well all souls were made to suffer,
That each for others' woes might feel;
For Pain unlocks the door of Mercy —
So learns the wounding hand to heal.

— Orson F. Whitney

196. SORROW'S LESSONS

*There are lessons sorrow teaches
That expand the human heart;
There are sermons that it preaches
Loftier than are reached by art.
And the ringing tones of gladness
Never thrill the human soul,
Like the soft, sweet tones of sadness
Bursting forth without control.*

*When bright, glowing orbs were streaming
With the floods of holy pain,
O'er the start whose glorious beaming
We shall never see again,
Then the lamp of inspiration
Has burned brightly in man's breast,
Telling him that all creation,
Both in life and death, are blessed.*

*The sad loved ones who are weeping
For the one who passed away,
Are all in the Lord's safe keeping,
And their night will change to day;
For the darkest, saddest picture
That a skeptic's brush can paint
Will shine forth with living splendor
When 'tis finished by a saint.*

*When the loved ones have been covered
With the humble valley's sod,
And the soul that round you hovered
Has gone forth to meet its God,
Then resolve, with His assistance,
That 'gainst all that is not right,
You will offer strong resistance,
And will conquer in life's fight.*

*If you loved the one departed,
Work, and humbly trust in God;
He will heal the broken-hearted
Who the path of honor trod;
But we cannot reach that valley
Where joy fills the human soul,
Till we've sailed upon that ocean
Where the waves of sorrow roll.*

— Alfred Osmond

197. THE EFFECT OF A THOUGHT

Whenever you cultivate a thought,
Remember it will trace
With certain touch in pictured form
A story on your face.

Whenever you dwell upon a thought,
Remember it will roll
Into your being and become
A fiber of your soul.

Whenever you send out a thought,
Remember it will be
A force throughout the universe
For all eternity.

— Anonymous

198. HAVE YOU THOUGHT?

*Have you thought, when feeling weary
With the trials of the day,
Of the thousand wasted chances
Which the hours have borne away?*

*Have you thought about the blessings
That surround you all the time,
And that grumbling in their presence
Is a weakness, nay, a crime?*

*Have you thought of all you're missing,
While you waste time and complain,
And what fortune may await you,
If you only try again?*

— Anonymous

199. THERE IS A TIDE

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries:
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

— William Shakespeare

200. THE SALUTATION OF THE DAWN

*Listen to the salutation of the dawn!
Look to this day!
For its brief course lies all the realities
And verities of your existence;
And bliss of growth,
The glory of action,
The splendor of beauty,
For yesterday is but a dream
And tomorrow but a vision;
But today well-lived makes every yesterday
A dream of happiness,*

204. THE WORTH OF MINUTES

*Two or three minutes — two or three hours,
What do they mean in this life of ours?
Not very much if but counted as time,
But minutes of gold and hours sublime,
If only we'll use them once in a while
To make someone happy — make someone smile.
A minute may dry a little lad's tears,
An hour sweep aside trouble of years.
Minutes of my time may bring to an end,
Hopelessness somewhere, and bring me a friend.*

— Anonymous

205. DON'T WORRY

*It is not the work but the worry
That makes the world grow old;
That numbers the years of its children
Ere half their story is told;
That weakens their faith in heaven
And the wisdom of God's great plan.
Ah! 'tis not the work but the worry
That breaks the heart of man!*

— Anonymous

206. TROUBLES THAT DO NOT COME

*Of the hard and weary loads
'Neath which we bend and fall,
The troubles that do not come
Are the heaviest ones of all.*

*For grief that cuts like a knife
There's oil of comfort and cure,
And the Hand which binds the weight
Brings strength and grace to endure.*

*But for the phantoms of pain and wo
The lips of pity are dumb,
And there's never oil or wine
For troubles that do not come.*

*There's a song to lighten the toil,
And a staff for climbing the height,
But never an alpenstock
For the hills that are out of sight.*

*There are bitter herbs enough
In the brimming cup of today,
Without the spring of rue
From tomorrow's unknown way.*

*Then take the meal that is spread,
And go with a song on thy way,
And let not the morrow shade
The sunshine and joy of today.*

— Lettie Bigelow

207. WORRY AND FRET

Worry and Fret were two little men
That knocked at my door again and again.
“O pray let us in, but to tarry a night,
And we will be off with the dawning of light.”
At last, moved to pity, I opened the door
To shelter these travelers, hungry and poor;
But when on the morrow I bade them “Adieu,”

They said, quite unmoved, "We'll tarry with you."
 And deaf to entreaty and callous to threat,
 These troublesome guests abide with me yet.

— *Anonymous*

208. IF WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD

*There is need of kinder treatment to be given by us all,
 There is need that we remember when someone may err and fall,
 That within the hidden motive lies the ill or lies the good.
 We would treat each other better if we only understood.*

*If we knew the cares of others—knew the trials and knew the strain
 Under which they may be living—knew their losses and bitter pain,
 We would show a better spirit; I am sure that each one could.
 We would always speak more kindly if we only understood.*

— *Anonymous*

209. NOT UNDERSTOOD

Not understood. We move along asunder.
 Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
 Along the years; we marvel, and we wonder,
 Why life is life, and then we fall asleep,
 Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions
 And hug them closer as the years go by,
 Till virtue often seems to us transgressions,
 And thus men rise and fall and live and die
 Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision.
 Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge.
 The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision
 Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mold the age,
 Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action
 Which lie beneath the surface and the snow
 Are disregarded; with self-satisfaction
 We judge our neighbors as they often go,
 Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us
 The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight
 Destroy long years of friendship, and estrange us
 And on our souls there falls a freezing blight;
 Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching
 For lack of sympathy? Ah, day by day
 How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking,
 How many noble spirits pass away
 Not understood.

O, God, that men would see a little clearer,
 Or judge less harshly where they cannot see.
 O, God, that men would draw a little nearer
 To one another and they'd be nearer Thee
 And be understood.

— *Anonymous*

210. UNDERSTANDING

*Read not this Book, in any case,
 But with a single eye:
 Read not, but first desire God's grace
 To understand thereby.*

— *Anonymous*

211. UNSELFISHNESS

"If selfishly thy heaven I seek,
I seek thy heaven in vain," —
I heard my heart within me speak:
I hear it yet again.

For heaven is all unselfishness:
The souls whose home is there
Have never dreamed of happiness
They do not long to share.

If selfishly thy love I seek,
I seek thy love in vain.
Place at thy side need none bespeak
Who shrink back from thy pain.

For love — thy love — is sacrifice:
Who seeketh still his own,
Nor for his brethren lives and dies,
Thyself hath never known.

Dear Lord, each selfish thought we think
Puts us afar from thee:
Into our dark depths we sink,
Where heaven can never be.

Teach us to know thee as thou art;
To give as thou hast given!
O show us how the loving heart
May make this world a heaven!

— Lucy Larcom

212. THE CHRISTIAN GRACES

*Who treads the path with thee?
We all may choose our friends;
As they are will the journey be,
And they will shape its ends.*

*Therefore let Faith lead on;
Faith always knows the road
And sees how best the goal is won,
And how to ease the load.*

*Take Hope along the way;
Hope's feet are strong and swift,
Hope's eyes are bright through darkest day,
Hope will thy soul uplift.*

*Bid Courage be thy friend
And make thee brave to dare
When weakness calls thee to defend,
And fear would prove a snare.*

*Thy way let Goodness choose,
Keep Goodness in thy sight,
All guides that aid her not refuse,
Hers is the path of light.*

*Let Justice walk beside,
He with sad brow and stern,
Yet do not quail before that guide,
Nor fear the truth to learn.*

*But closest to thy heart
Keep Love, the sweetest, best;
Love will remain tho all depart,
And Love will give thee rest.*

INSPIRATIONAL VERSE

*Yet know that in the Christ
All these for thee must be;
Oh, keep with him thy faithful tryst,
And he will walk with thee.*

— Mrs. Farningham

213. THE CIGARETTE

I'm only just a cigarette,
A tiny little thing —
And yet my power over man
Is mightier than a king —
I rule as with an iron-hand
I boast no kingly claim
Yet thousands found in every land
Pay homage to my name.

I have no guards around my throne,
No armies drilled to fight;
The secret of my power be known,
'Tis man's appetite.
If subject I would make a man
I test his vertebrae
And if he be too weak to stand
Then I have won the day.

I bend his shoulders to a curve;
I hollow out his chest;
I play upon his every nerve;
I never let him rest.
I make a dim and blood-shot eye;
I stain his finger tips.
I make his lungs feel parched and dry;
I spoil his shapely lips.

INSPIRATIONAL VERSE

INSPIRATIONAL VERSE

I neutralize his natural will;
I blight his intellect;
And then, I do him more things still,
I take his self-respect.
I leave a stench about his clothes
A foul distasteful smell;
I have him marked where'er he goes
So everyone can tell.

I rob him of his richest dower,
Bring failure and regret
Now, can you see the mighty power
In a simple — cigarette?

— Anonymous

214. SALOON BAR

*A bar to Heaven, a door to Hell —
Whoever named it, named it well!
A bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health;
A bar to honor, pride and fame,
A door to sin and grief and shame;
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer
A door to darkness and despair;
A bar to honored, useful life,
A door to brawling, senseless strife;
A bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave;
A bar to joy that home imparts,
A door to tears and aching hearts;
A bar to Heaven, a door to Hell —
Whoever named it, named it well!*

— Anonymous

215. OUT OF TOUCH

Only a smile, yes, only a smile,
 That a woman o'erburdened with grief
 Expected from you; 'twould have given her relief,
 For her heart ached sore the while;
 But weary and cheerless she went away,
 Because, as it happened, that very day
 You were "out of touch" with your Lord.

Only a day, yes, only a day,
 But oh! can you guess, my friend,
 Where the influence reaches, and where it will end,
 Of the hours that you frittered away?
 The Master's command is, "Abide in me;"
 And fruitless and vain will your service be
 If "out of touch" with your Lord.

— Jean Watson

216. THE BOOK OUR MOTHERS READ

*We search the world for truth; we cull
 The good, the pure, the beautiful,
 From graven stone and written scroll,
 From all old flower-fields of the soul;
 And, weary seekers of the best,
 We come back laden from the quest,
 To find that all the sages said
 Is in the Book our mothers read.*

— John Greenleaf Whittier

217. FOUR THINGS

Four things in any land must dwell,
 If it endures and prospers well:
 One is manhood true and good;
 One is noble womanhood;
 One is child life, clean and bright;
 And one an altar kept alight.

— *Anonymous*

218. THOU, WHOSE UNMEASURED TEMPLE STANDS

*Thou, whose unmeasured temple stands,
 Built over earth and sea,
 Accept the walls that human hands
 Have raised, O God, to Thee.*

*And let the Comforter and Friend,
 Thy Holy Spirit, meet
 With those who here in worship bend
 Before Thy mercy seat.*

*May they who err be guided here
 To find the better way;
 And they who mourn, and they who fear,
 Be strengthened as they pray.*

*May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
 And pure devotion rise,
 While round these hallowed walls the storm
 Of earth-born passion dies.*

— William Cullen Bryant

219. SUPPOSING

Supposing today were your last day on earth,
 The last mile of your journey you'd trod
 After all of your struggles, how much are you worth,
 How much can you take home to God?

Don't count as possessions, your silver and gold,
 For tomorrow you'll leave them behind,
 And all that is yours to have and to hold,
 Are the blessing you've given mankind.

Just what have you done, as you've journeyed along,
 That is really and truly worthwhile?
 Do you think that your good deeds would offset the wrong?
 Can you look o'er your life with a smile?

We are only supposing — but if it were real,
 And you invoiced your deeds from your birth,
 And figured the profits you've made in life's deal,
 How much are you really worth?

— Anonymous

My parents taught me that you measure people by their character, not by how they earn their living. That letter brought to mind a poem my mother used to read to me when I was little. I don't know the author, but it goes like this:

If you can't be a tree on the top of the hill

*Be a shrub in the valley, but be
 The best little shrub on the side of the hill.*

Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

We can't all be captains — there's got to be crew,

*There's something for all of us here.
 There are big things to do, and there's lesser to do.*

And the task you must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail.

If you can't be the sun, be a star.

It's not in the job that you win or you fail

Be the best of whatever you are.

*— Submitted by Mark Presser in
 New Jersey*

BILL BROWN

Bill Brown made a million, -- Bill Brown, think of that!

A boy you remember, as poor as a rat,

He hoed for the neighbors, did jobs by the day;

Bill Brown made a million, or near it, so they say.

You can't understand it? Well neither could I.

And then I remembered and now I know why;

The bell might oe ringin, the dinner bell slow,

But Bill always hoed to the end of the row.

B

Bill worked for my father, you maybe recall;

He wasn't a wonder, not that, not that at all;

He couldn't out hoe me or cover more~~s~~ ground,

Or hoe any clearer, or beat me around;

In fact I was better in one way that I know,

One toot from the kitchen and home I would go,

But Bill slways hoed to the end of the row.

We used to get hungry out there in the corn;

When you talk about music, what equals a horn,

A horn yellin dinner, tomatoes and beans,

And pork and potatoes and gravy and greens?

I ain't blamin no one for quitten on time.

To stop ~~fifly~~ with the whistle, that ain't any crime.

But as for the million--well, this much I know:

That Bill always hoed to the end of the row.